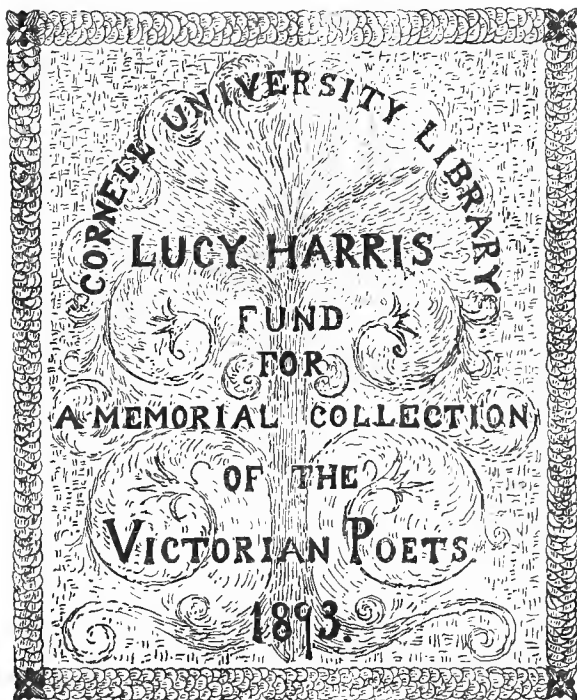


# THE BOOK OF TEPHI





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# THE BOOK OF TEPHI



# THE BOOK OF TEPHI

BY

J. A. GOODCHILD

AUTHOR OF

"SOMNIA MEDICI," "THE TWO THRONES,"  
"MY FRIENDS AT SANT' AMPELIO," ETC.

SID CO NEM

NEM CO DOMAN

DOMAN FO NIM

NERT HI CACH

"He is cursing in rhyme, and with two assonances in every line of his curse."  
*The Crucifixion of the Gleeman*, BY W. B. YATES

LONDON

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO. LTD.

1897

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## PREFACE

IN 1886 I published a fragment of this tale which some of my reviewers then invited me to complete. I have been unable to accept this invitation earlier owing to my own ignorance of the story as told by the Irish bards ; and these, so far, give me little help between the departure of the "sea-king's daughter from over the sea" from Taphanes and her arrival in Ireland ; though I fancy that eventually something might be gleaned upon this head from other Celtic sources, particularly those in which the name Inogen or its congeners appears. My own rough and erroneous reproduction of the main features of a story which has deeply influenced the national, clerical and literary history not merely of Celtdom, but of all non-Sclavonic Europe, is chiefly based upon the excellent modern translations of Messrs Standish O'Grady, Whitby Stokes, and others ; whilst I must recognise the claim made by Gillariach, the crouchbacked, O'Clery, to kindly remembrance for preserving certain important details which would otherwise probably have been lost.

Mark well the imagery in the following imaginary passage from a discourse of a tattered and shorn disciple of Mog Ruach to a scanty but appreciative audience. It is taken from that sermon which he preached under the stars of a frosty Samhaim, being in soreness of body, and in very great bitterness of soul under the cursings of St Maelruan, and of the holy bishop Magnenn.

*“ Ye that would still hear the wisdom of Semias, servant of the Holy, which he learned of Rudrofheasa, know how the common amongst you say that there be many gems in the pool of Crotta Cliath, and indeed your saying is a true one. Also ye call that pool the Lake of the Dragon’s Mouth, and wherefore?—It was in that pool that Ternog’s nurse saw the great salmon which St Fursa cursed for a dragon into its mud.—Now, I swear unto you that this same dragon shall carry St John upon his day when he rideth to avenge his brother John Baptist upon the female saints of Eriu. On that day’s eve is Fian Cinged born under the Brat Baghach. Threescore and ten stars are counted to it. Yet, oh my son, beware the black fourhorned moon which hath wings as hands, for thou art tender. Nevertheless, if those brethren be near, thou art safe with thy thousands upon Roth Ramach when thou wieldest the threefold besom. I see the*

*slender pillar to whose bolts men are blind. He that heareth is deafened. Him that they seek, is dead. Thus must my White Star diminish the red moon and the third of the birds of prey. Lo, herein is the wise teaching of Morfessa of Fal, and of Uiscias which he taught in Tasiac Tuathaib upon the field of Mell. This is that lore which Cesair daughter of the Great King gathered of Ernmais in Egypt when she fled from the flood and rested ere the ships were burned at Belgadan. Hereof she instructed Mac Indoge before she entered the sacred treasurehouse. Well do ye know these things, and because of them shall Magnenn and Maelruan of Tamlacht be hurled into your lake, and Dil, the darling of my heart, swim upon Masbuskala to destroy them. Yea, let curses of mighty Ollams and Anrads, and my own curse which is less worthy, rest for ever upon all that call the blackmaned heifer "sow" or "serpent"; and may her rugged one with the tusks of his fork root up their graveyards, that their dry bones may be foul beneath the sun and lie upon the heap for ever."*

Upon such bottom for dragon or salmon lie objects strongly refractive to starlight, though dark under the candelabra of Pontiff or Kaiser. Experts are no doubt right in referring them to the Fata Morgana, but have not tested them with X Rays at present.

The commons still value rough specimens above coral and stoneware penates of nature and art, but I trust that few modern depreciators of Celtic moonstones will accept the suggestion of Irenæus, and the author of the "Testament of the Patriarchs," and expanded by many subsequent writers, that they are the produce of the Swart Sow and Malemantus of Dan. I may remark here that the general argument of the latter writer is against Levi, patron-patriarch of Peter and Patrick, rather than of John and Pelagius.

I am far too ignorant to analyse them. My own specimens are here, much dulled by my fingering. If they be pebbles iridescent with scum, they may be cleaned and reported upon by the mineralogist. If St Fursa is of her original opinion, she should get St George to help her to look after them : but if the Great Salmon of Ollamhaba was indeed seen by Ternog's nurse, by the aid of Ruacha Aodhècis, many of its ova are hatched already, and the remainder lack but twenty-five years of their fullest term.

J. A. GOODCHILD.

*June 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1897.*

# THE BOOK OF TEPHI

## CHAPTER I

(1) *Tephi proclaimeth her titles ; (2) her lament for Jerusalem ;  
(3) she telleth of her hiding, and reneweth her lamentations.*

(1) Tephi, born in the House of the High Ones,—  
    (Princes of Zion,  
    Zion loved of the Lord,—home of the House  
    of our God,)  
Daughter of David, shepherd in Judah,—(Tribe  
    of the Lion)  
Queen over Bethel and Dan,—where they be  
    scattered abroad.

(2) Is not the Word made sure?—We are spread  
    forth in alien places.  
Fire that was kindled in wrath—burns to the  
    uttermost Hell.  
Cry in the night oh Judah,—Thy wise men  
    covered their faces.

Howl for thy young lions slains,—princes led  
captive to Bel.

I, even I am left,—to cry from the uttermost  
region,—

(Far off isles of the West,—home of the  
remnant of Dan,)

Sown as a thistle on earth is Jacob,—the names  
of us legion.

Tongue of the Hebrew fails,—shall not be  
spoken of man.

Isaac is ploughed in his furrows,—before the  
Lord in this season

Water the tender plant,—twig of the loftiest  
shoot.

How is the cedar left bare—in its boughs was  
corruption and treason,

Crown of it bended to Baal,—serpents devour-  
ing its root.

Rest for the flock of the Lord—was not found in  
the shade of the cedar.

Broken it lies. It burns.—Yea, as a thorn  
'neath a pot.

Kidlings are seething therein—shot down by the  
archers of Kedar.

Foemen are warmed thereby,—fire of its  
furnace is hot.

Children of Edom dance,—yea, leap in the place  
which is Holy.

Bethlehem boweth in chains,—trodden as  
clay in the mire.

How are our walls broken down,—that the pride  
of our mighty is lowly.

Yea we wander 'mid stones,—deserts of thistle  
and briar.

(3) I, that am old was young,—but my heart ran  
down into water,

Hearing battle and strife,—terror that riseth  
by night,

Princes and warriors stricken,—fallen like sheep  
unto slaughter ;

Women's wails in the streets,—outside the  
clamour of fight.

How are the nobles fallen !—Yea, they were  
strong, they were ruddy,

Fat with the firstlings of flocks,—strong with  
the strength of the vine.

Now are they white with famine,—their garments  
of purple are bloody ;

Meat, is flesh of the child.—Blood of our  
people is wine.

These were as water spilled—on the ground  
before Nebuchadnezzar

Drops that the dogs licked up,—Have they  
not gathered and fled.

Leaving the women and babes,—Chaldæans  
should slaughter at pleasure.

I that was babe of the Kings—trembled alone  
by my bed.

(3) Yet one came thither unchid, to the place of  
the women he passed,

Feared of the king and hated, his hour had  
come at the last.

In the room of the sire, the prophet, the prisoner  
none might heed

Came through the wasted harvest to gather the  
chosen seed.

Sternly he bade me to follow. I dared not look  
in his face



As he led me by secret ways to a cave 'neath  
the Holiest Place.

Here was my one sure hold, and I dreaded it  
not for the dark,

But I knew the fear of the Lord, I knew that His  
holy Ark

Was near and I trembled for these, and I ate  
the water and bread

Of affliction full three days wherein I dwelt as  
the dead,

Till I heard the voice of Baruch smite from  
the opened roof

“The foe is gone from the gates, and the path  
of our way made smooth.”

Then forth in the veil of smoke from the ashes  
wherein she weeps

We passed through the walls of Zion, her  
palaces fallen in heaps.

Look, cry aloud for she slumbers,—dreaming a  
dream that awakes not ;

Weep, tear thy garments in shame,—ashes and  
dust on thy head.

Yea, though the wilderness howl,—yet the voice  
of Jerusalem speaks not ;

Mourn for her exiles, mourn,—none break the  
rest of her dead !

Where is the House of the Lord?—Desolation  
and mourning and sorrow !

Where is the place of the King?—Torrent-  
gash sun-scorched and brown.

River of rocks, burnt bones !—There the lizard  
shall see him the morrow,

Scorpions find them a place,—conies make  
nests for their own.

## CHAPTER II

- (1) *Tephi addresseth her sons, and telleth of her going into Egypt ; (2) she prophesieth blindness on Joseph and Judah ; (3) she dwelleth as Pharaoh's daughter at Tahpanes ; (4) Baruch heareth of the road to Tarshish ; (5) the Prophet prophesies against Egypt.*

- (1) My children remember Zion. Moreover I bid  
you to mark

That the word of the Lord is holy, though His  
purpose therein be dark.

Ye know how we came unto Mizpah, and trusted  
in peace to dwell  
With the servant of God that was slain there. It  
needs not of this to tell ;  
But of this my sons take heed, shall not your  
hearts understand  
How the Prophet of Zion prayed that our steps  
might be stayed in the Land?  
Shall ye not read in His book of the hope of our  
rest undone  
Of Ismael's fraud, of the tumult and flight, and  
of Shuphan's son  
And how we went into Egypt?

- (2) Nay, Joseph shall long be blind,  
An ox that sleepeth at midnight, and Judah  
couched as a hind.  
The lion hath fled from his lair. The ox hath  
wandered astray  
Till the dawn of the East be red, and the night of  
the North be grey,  
In the night shall no man know them, or the  
signs that be left to show

Where the shepherd keepeth the ox, whilst the  
lion is couched full low.

Not by the banks of Jordan, not on the Holy  
Hill

Are Ephraim's feet till his furrows be ploughed  
unto Yahveh's will.

Bethlehem's field is empty. The shepherd  
follows astray.

Hear ye my words, oh my sons, for the Isles shall  
await the day.

Tephi, I was but weak, a little thing in men's eyes,  
A tender twig of the cedar, yet sheltered of  
prophesies.

The Prophet of 'God revealed this. Is not his  
speech made plain?

He came to root and destroy. He went forth to  
plant again.

In our fields he found no vineyard, on our past-  
ures a wasted soil,

No place for the shade of cedars, no depth of  
the earth for oil.

Till the Land be fed by the Goim,\* and the tale  
of their slaughters told

\* Nations.

The days shall be slowly numbered, and the hope  
of the hills wax old.

- (3) I was led as a slave into Egypt, as a captive to  
Pharaoh's hand  
For the will of the son of Kareah rested still on  
our band,  
But the heart of Pharaoh was softened. He  
gave us a resting place.  
As daughters we stood before him, and the  
Prophet of God found grace  
To lead us unto Taphanes, henceforth amongst  
men to be  
Jehudia, House of the daughter of Judah, mind-  
ful of me  
Unto the ending of days.

- (4)                                   Therein a space was our rest  
Till Baruch the scribe found tidings out of the  
Isles of the West  
That the ways unto Tarshish were open, the ships  
of Javan afar,

And vessels of Tyre went forth on the left of the  
    raclen's\* star  
From the tongue of the sea to Melcarth's porch  
    of the setting sun,  
Whence Northward and West they sailed till the  
    Island of Towers was won,  
On its righthand Bregan and Eber, on its left  
    that water whose bound  
Is the Promise of God, wherein His purpose  
    shall yet be found.

- (5) Then the Prophet prophesied greatly of wrath  
    and of woe to come  
Upon Misraim's king and people, and all that  
    made Cush their home.  
Weak and poor shall it be. Three kings shall  
    come from the East  
Nimrod, Madai and Elam to break down the  
    sacred beast.  
Javan and Chittim thereafter from the islands  
    shall issue forth  
To rule the rivers of Egypt and bear their spoils  
    to the North,

\* Merchants.

Tursi and Rouni shall reign over these with an  
iron yoke  
Till the gateway of Heaven be opened, and the  
fettters of death be broke ;  
Yet the land shall be filled with trouble, lamen-  
tation, weeping and pain,  
Though the Prince of Peace be born, and be  
lifted on high to reign  
On the holy Hills ; for Sheba and Dedan shall  
overflow,  
And across the broad Euphrates the moon shall  
arise in woe ;  
As blood shall it shine from the world's high  
roof to its western gate,  
A crescent that never filleth, and the Star of Peace  
shall it hate  
Till the night be wellnigh ended ; and ships  
come out of the West  
Whose mouths are as stinging serpents, and fires  
are within their breast ;  
Yet the angels of God are with them. The Rolls  
of the Law they bear,  
The spirit of peace is with them, and the promise  
of peace they share.

Then Egypt shall be as water, Yet now shall the  
Nations rise,  
And the books be opened upon them, yea, even  
in all men's eyes,  
Of the wrath and the promise of Jacob, his sons  
be purged of their guilt,  
The ways of the King be open ; and that house  
of our God be built  
That shall never henceforth be shaken.

These things be gravèd and set  
In the lime by the kilns of Pharaoh. Their  
place shall be hidden yet.  
Therewith is my story written, and carved on  
stone by the scribes  
Are secrets of things which shall be, and the  
names of eleven tribes  
At the end of their days appointed, but Judah  
goes thither and fro  
As a stricken lion in the pit till the hour of the  
final woe.



## CHAPTER III

- (1) *The sisters of Tephi desiring to remain in Egypt die there ;*  
(2) *A vessel of Tarshish cometh into one of the mouths*  
*of the Nile ; (3) Tephi goeth from Taphanes, but is*  
*anointed before her going ; (4) her prophecy thereupon.\**

- (1) My sisters ye mourned not for Zion, though  
short was your day and sad,  
Ye loved the fleshpots of Egypt, and marvelled  
my soul was glad  
That the time of our voyage drew nearer. Ye  
longed with her gods to stay,  
And the Angel of Death drew sword and both  
were slain in a day.

\* When writing this part of my tale, my ignorance of the details of the story told by Irish writers led me into an injustice to Maacha and Bathba the sisters of Tephi. The former is said by them to have fallen whilst encouraging her sister's troops in the wing commanded by Nuadh at Moytura, but there are many errors and omissions in this work which would require far more skill and patience than I possess to rectify, in my endeavour to repair the neglect into which the tale has fallen. All my readers will however have caught one glimpse at least of these three weeping queens in the barge of King Arthur, as they bear him away to await his time and their own.

Then the servants of idols bound ye in aloes  
and spice and myrrh,  
And we laid you amongst the heathen, but not  
in their sepulchre.  
Baruch hath written your names on the wood,  
and o'er either face  
Skilled workmen moulded the gold where ye wait  
in your resting place.  
I might not weep. Ye had sinned. Upon  
Egypt's sin was your love ;  
And the cry of the Man of God drew down His  
wrath from above.

- (2) Now a ship drew near into haven, a ship from  
the far-off seas,  
Whose pilot was child of the Dannites, whose  
sails had filled to the breeze  
In the boundless river of God. Returned from  
the storehouse of tin,  
It had weathered the sea of storms, and the  
waters that rage therein.  
Her tin she sold to the founders of brazen  
vessels, and lead

That was cast in bolts for the slingers ; with many  
tires for the head  
Of the locks that I knew too well, of the tresses  
that shimmer fire  
Which flickers before men's eyes and fills their  
hearts with desire ;  
And amber from wizard lands at whose dread  
the Lochlann mocks  
When he sails his hidebound boat through the  
sea of the floating rocks,  
Whence monsters with horns arise to behold the  
sun lie red  
On the lap of the sea by night, nor reigns he  
at noon o'erhead.  
Swiftly they loaded the ship with the good things  
out of the land,  
Rich garments, and potter's vessels, and arms for  
a chieftain's band,  
And beads of glass for the women, and oil and  
almonds and spice,  
And gold of the cunning workmen, and food  
with their merchandise ;  
Till we 'scaped in the night from Pharaoh, but  
hid in the field that day

Whilst the hand of the Lord held back the  
watchmen that barred our way.

- (3) We were five that rode upon asses, and five by  
the mules they led  
Whereon were the things brought forth from the  
House of the Lord when we fled,  
The stone of Jacob our father, the Seat wherein  
Yahveh dwells  
Upon sacred things whereof the Book of the  
Prophet tells ;  
And the signs of my father David, on whom was  
the promise stayed  
Bright as the crown of the dawn, deep as the  
midnight shade,  
Strong as the purpose of God when he fashioned  
the land from the sea,  
A hope for the sons of Adam, that the chosen of  
Him should be  
A King over men for ever ; yea, unto the Lord's  
own day  
When the land shall be broken in dust, and the  
sea shall vanish away.

Upon me was that promise fallen. For me was  
the Prophet's toil.  
He had signed me with David's signet, anointed  
mine head with oil.  
He had set mine hands to the harp ; he had  
bidden me hold the spear ;  
The buckler was girt to my bosom, and Baruch  
and he drew near  
To set my feet upon Bethel, the Stone that is  
seen this day  
That my seed may rest upon it where'er it is  
borne away,  
And its promise be sure beneath them, strong  
to uphold their throne.  
Though the builders cast it aside, it shall never  
be left alone.  
These things we did at Taphanes ere we fled to  
the haven of ships,  
And the spirit of God came on me ; His promise  
rose to my lips.  
I spake, and I bade go forward, and the sons  
of the Lord obeyed,  
And the Prophet of God bowed down, and  
this was the song that I made.

(4) As a seed in a desert amongst thorns—

I am fallen. I am blown by the wind.

In thy garden, in thy pleasant field, beloved,—

Is no water, is no rest that I may find.

Bel hath broken down thy cisterns and thy  
founts,—

Esau cast his sum upon thee in thy woe.

Misraim's night is as a darkness to be felt,—

Follow ye with me the sun where'er it go.

Follow after, follow after, my beloved,—

Follow after by the pathways of the deep.

Leave the cloud of midnight thick upon this land.—

Go before the sun that riseth out of sleep.

Plant me far upon the far green hills.—

Ye have poured a living oil into mine heart,

The waters of the sea shall gird me round,—

As the armour of the shield when I depart.

My children hearken to an holy harp,—

As a certain sign of promise this shall be.

The spear within my right hand will I keep,—

As the sceptre of the billows of the sea ;

And the lion of my signet is a sign,—\*

\* Tephi is alluded to by an early writer as the "blackhaired heifer, the dark heaven-sealed chief, the lion."

Yea he roareth unto them that dwell afar.  
And the name of God engraved therein shall  
cry,—  
In the darkness as a light and guiding star.

## CHAPTER IV

(1) *Tephi goeth from Egypt and cometh unto Carthage; (2) The Prophet maketh the Burden of the city; (3) A storm cometh out of the desert and the ship is driven away until they come to a river in a strange country.*

(1) ON a moonless night and a cloudy we shipped  
and we passed away  
In the veils of the Lord from Egypt. The breath  
of His mouth was our stay  
Three weeks in our sails to westward. Thus  
favour was in the eyes  
Of the men of the ship upon us, and I talked  
with our pilot wise,  
Buchi the son of Helek, whose marvellous words  
were truth  
He had gathered in many waters, an old man  
now from his youth,

Who in barks of Dan and Javan had raised up  
sails as a boy  
For the sons of some that Ulick son of Liart  
brought back from Troy.  
I heard of the painted talking birds in gardens  
with fruits of gold ;  
And fish islands spouting fountains ; and one  
terrible tale he told  
Of a giant that dwelt amongst trees, and descend-  
ing rended in twain  
Three Miledhs \* that sought him with target  
and spear, but in fight were slain.  
In his hairy hands were they twisted, yea, as a  
stalk that is bent  
On the myrtle ere it be gathered, so were they  
broken and rent.  
Thus we came to the Kirjath Hadtho, and  
moored at the long fair wharf  
Whence Ham and his camels athirst seek the  
treebuilt homes of the dwarf,  
And beheld the Bozrah above it, yet set not  
our feet therein,

\* Warriors, Milesians (Milites).



For Canaan, Phut and Lubim be wholly bound  
unto sin ;  
And Buchi spake of their princes, and how when  
a Shophet died,  
His wives were brought to his burning, his slaves  
to be crucified ;  
Of Ashtaroth and of Tanith, queen harlots of  
cruel name  
Whom the Fœni brought from the East ere into  
their land they came,  
And of Baal whom Yahveh hateth. He dwelleth  
amongst you still.  
Ye sons of Erin, I know ye. I know that your  
hands work ill.  
Root up the groves from among you. Cast down  
his seats on the tors.  
His fires are destroyers of gladness, his feasting  
my soul abhors.

- (2) Hear ye, hear ye, that which he spake, the  
Prophet of God  
When he stood betwixt Baruch and Buchi and  
stretched on that land his rod.

“Baal shall be broken,” he said, “Yet he shall  
rise as the sun,

Red and gold is his rising. Swiftly his course he  
shall run,

Unto the isles of the West, unto the uttermost sea,  
Unto the land of the Sikels surely his border  
shall be.

Nemidh kneeleth his camel, fat is he waxen, and  
full.

The wealth of many waters hath swollen the hide  
of the bull.

A son is born him in season. Yea, as a tiger's whelp,  
To the West doth he leap, to the North, to the  
South. There is none that may help.

By his teeth are men slain, in his claws they are  
rent, and the chief of his prey

Are the cubs of the wolf who mourns not, but  
ever croucheth at bay.

In the blood of her cubs he is sick, he is blind,  
he is drunken, he falls.

Hear it, ye gods of the heathen. Hear it, ye far-  
stretching walls.

The wrath of the she-wolf is sated. Your place  
is spread as a plain.

Your altars of blood are cast down. Your fires  
unto Baal are vain.  
The Tusci and Roum burn you. Their host is  
come out of the North,  
As on Nimrod and Assur and Edom and Tyre,  
the curse hath gone forth,  
Thy sons shall be few and scattered, thy daughters  
carried to shame,  
Thy walls be broken for ever, thy temples set to  
the flame."

- (3) The West was blood as he spake. The sky was  
black on the land,  
The blast of a furnace sped from the trackless  
ocean of sand  
Bearing the wrath of Baal, and smote on the  
Prophet's mouth,  
But the hand of the Lord was with us to turn our  
way from the South.  
Our sails were rent, and the men of the vessel  
cursed us by names  
Of their gods, but feared the Prophet who called  
out of heaven its flames,

Fire and hailstones and thunders, and hills from  
the tossing sea ;  
But I stood beside him and feared not, for helpers  
of heaven were we.  
Seven days did I stand beside him with Buchi  
the pilot of Dan,  
And the eyes of the Fœni hated, yet hoped in  
the waveworn man  
And the child and the Prophet only ; for Baruch  
kept watch below  
By the Stone and prayed upon it to comfort my  
women's woe.  
Whither we went we knew not, yet Buchi stood  
by the helm,  
Whilst the waves sped hungry after, but dared not  
to overwhelm  
The Prophet of God, and the daughter of hope  
who stood by his side,  
That the name of the Lord might stand, and his  
promise be magnified.  
But the Fœin bowed down and blessed us when  
now on the seventh day  
The sea was at Sabbath stillness, and we entered  
a little bay

By the mouth of an unknown river that ran from  
East unto West,  
And lay tawny beside the shore where we anchored  
and lay at rest.

## CHAPTER V

- (1) *Bædan the son of Buchi goeth to search the land and catcheth  
Julus a man of the Roumi who is greatly dangered thereat ;*  
(2) *The Prophet prophesieth upon him and he departeth ;*  
(3) *The ship passeth by an island, and a prophecy is set  
thereon.*
- (1) Then the men consulted together, and marvelled  
upon that spot,  
And Boedan the son of Buchi was chosen of them  
by lot  
To lead our skiff to the shore, and find of the  
folk thereby  
What hap had fallen upon us, and whither our  
course should lie.  
Now Boedan brought us a man that they caught  
in a bushy field,  
On his head a brazen helmet, on his left arm a  
broad round shield,

At his thigh a short stiff falchion. His feet were  
mired in the clay  
Of the marsh where Boedan traced him, and  
caught and brought him away.  
Now the man bent not before us, but gazed with  
a steadfast eye  
On our engines of war and weapons, and spake  
no word of reply  
Unto Buchi who spake all tongues, till the gaze  
of the Prophet fell  
Upon him compelling and silent, and then he  
spake full well  
In a tongue that the Sicans use. "I come from  
the she-wolf's hold  
Nigh at hand on the river, to seek a sheep of my  
fold.  
I am very wroth, ye Fœni. I am wroth with the  
son of Dan.  
I am wroth with all amongst ye save this damsel  
and aged man.  
Save for these I had not spoken. Avoid ye the  
she-wolf's lair.  
Of the hill of the great Dayfather I say unto you,  
beware.

If your course be west, sail westward ; whither, I  
would not know,  
For the door of Janus is wide where'er I have  
will to go.  
If I find ye, be ye heedful. My sword blade is  
short and strong,  
And my shield as a wall before me. Bind me  
not with a thong,  
Lest wolves in pack be upon ye. Julius hath  
many mates  
That snarl in the lair, but howl as one from the  
towers and gates."

- (2) The Servant of God stood silent, and gazed in  
that strong man's face  
With eyes like starfilled sapphires as he spake of  
his name and place,  
Then bade his thongs be severed, that each  
before each might stand  
Eye upon eye ; and we parted ourselves upon  
either hand  
As the prophet lifted his gaze to call down bless-  
ing and curse

Unto kindreds and peoples and times, unto  
better hap and to worse,

Whilst that chief stood silent, proud, in his eye  
the forward gleam

Of a shield on a wall that holdeth the sun with a  
steadfast beam.

“Thou art set in the night to watch. The towers  
of thy watch are seven.

As a strong man armed thou shootest thine  
arrows at highest heaven.

Did not I see thee afar by the Bozrah with long-  
built walls.

Thou bendest three spears beneath it, upon the  
latest it falls.

Thy swords are many and strong, thy quiver is  
wide and full,

Thy shafts are swiftly sped o’er all the plain of  
the bull.

Javan and Chittim are pierced ; Eber and Phut  
are low ;

Lud and Aram are stricken before the strength of  
thy bow.

Misraim is thine, and the half of Gomer’s bands,  
and the Gaal.



All shall be given thy prey because thou hast  
cast down Baal,  
On the silver wall of the islands thy farthest hunt-  
ing shall be  
Ere the packs of the wolf are stayed by the  
dams of the stormy sea.  
War is thy birthright, war is thy joy, and warfare  
thy bane.  
Peace shall be very near thee, and under thee  
Peace be slain  
In the street of the Holy City. Iron and brass  
and clay  
Thou standest, and shalt be broken, thy watch-  
towers be for a prey  
To the beasts of the field, and the fish of the sea,  
and the fowls of the air.  
Thine helm is parted asunder, the crown of thy  
head left bare  
To the winds of the East and the North. Out of  
Magog, Gomer, and Tur  
With biting hail thou art driven, thy sword blade  
hath lost its spur  
In the lap of thy wives, in the fulness of feasts,  
in the slavehood of power,

In thy fetters of gold thou art lost ; yet there  
cometh a later hour  
When swordless thou risest again with a woman's  
cunning device  
Of tongue and snares of the eye the souls of men  
to entice.  
By the Name thou hatest at heart, thou callest  
the nations afar.  
The words in thy mouth are honey, but as worm-  
wood thine actions are.  
This also long will I bear till the goats be set  
from the sheep,  
For I set thee a watch of the night, and this My  
watch shalt thou keep."

- (3) These things he spake to Julius and bade him  
hide in his heart  
The blessing and cursing mingled, and gave him  
grace to depart  
Ere we sailed betwixt mighty islands, both kept  
of a savage folk,  
Now the Southward sells sons unto Egypt, but  
the Northerners brook no yoke.

Here the Prophet foretold how in latter days an  
eagle should fly  
From his eyrie amongst the mountains which  
lifted heads to the sky,  
Swift at the swarming of Gower, but lacking  
strength to endure.  
Unstable, his beak be dipped in the prey with a  
hold unsure.

## CHAPTER VI

(1) *A prophecy upon Eber ; (2) the ship cometh unto the Pen  
of the Cape, and to Caer Melcarth ; (3) Elier the son of  
Ziza greeteth its coming ; (4) Tephi landeth and blesses  
Elier and his sons, and is greeted by the Rock of the  
Gate.*

(1) In short space we draw unto Eber, a land of  
mountain and vale.

Purple and gold were its hills, and the Prophet  
took up his tale.

“Thou art servant to Baal, oh Heber ; a servant  
of him that shall slay

The leopard of Baal and his bull. Thy strength  
is taken away  
Before the wind of the North, before the wind  
of the South  
Till Gad and Tarshish arise to rend the bits from  
their mouth.  
Swift upon wheels they roam, yea, wheeling,  
follow the course  
Of the sun in his fields afar. They are each as a  
swift red horse  
Wanton therein for a while. In their hearts is  
an evil thought  
Lusting for things set apart, how low shall their  
lust be brought.  
They are halt in their northward leap to the  
whitewalled tower of the sea,  
Its warders shall overtake them, and great shall  
their burden be."

- (2) Then drifting in calms to southward, we drew  
towards the Pen of the cape  
Of the rock that keepeth the seagate and weareth  
a lion's shape

And watcheth both Phut and Eber, and inward  
    keepeth the sea,  
And outward the endless waters that storm it  
    eternally.  
A kingly strength it arises hoary and huge, the  
    crown  
Of the pilot's hope who gazes. Thither the ships  
    go down  
And may not avoid the watchmen. Narrow the  
    sea-gates are,  
And Javan and Tursis stand where Canaan  
    holdeth the bar.  
Their chapmen must chafer hardly with those  
    from the outer deep  
For ivory, apes and gold and tin, with grain and  
    wool of the sheep ;  
For Canaan found her pathways to the hiding  
    of men's desire,  
And the spoils of all outer peoples have builded  
    the fanes of Tyre  
Which shall fall, even now are falling. The  
    daughter of Zidon is low,  
Is her burden not recorded, her nakedness,  
    shame, and woe ?

- (3) Yet here was her mother her bonds slave, cleansing  
her gate of the West  
'Neath the Pen of the foot of Eber, and receiving  
therein her guest ;  
For a strong Caer Zidon builded, and called it  
by Melcarth's name,  
And Gad and Simeon were with her when into  
that cape we came  
Under Elier the son of Ziza, who had knelt at  
Melcarth's shrine,  
But was circumcised in his fathers, and cursed  
not the name Divine,  
And knew the teaching of Moses, and ruled by  
the Book of the Law,  
And yearned unto Jacob and David and that  
which their souls foresaw.  
Six months he had mourned for Zion, but now  
in the seventh moon  
He wept by the wall of his Caer from the dawning  
of day till noon.  
His youth had been bloody and headstrong.  
His age was silent and wise.  
And the men of Zidon obeyed him, and great he  
was in their eyes.

Now at noon he prayed unto Zion, and far on  
the eastern sky  
Rose our sail. Then the son of Ziza cried with  
a joyful cry,  
For the spirit of God was with him, "Prepare  
we a feast this day.  
Six months was my fast appointed, but now it is  
lifted away.  
My ashes are cleansed, pour forth a precious oil  
for mine head.  
Set jewels upon my fingers to greet one sent by  
the dead.  
My purple cloak shall be on me, my gems upon  
either ear,  
My bracelets of gold, my breastplate of gold are  
meet to appear  
In the eyes of those that bring tidings. Yea,  
yonder behold the wings  
Of a dove, the branch in whose mouth was  
planted of mighty kings,  
And watered of blood, and pruned that hence-  
forward it send forth shoots  
Till its crown be lifted to heaven and earth be  
filled with its roots."

- (4) Three hours ere set of the sun we came to the  
strong-built wall,  
Then the Prophet of God cried forth, and Elier  
came at his call,  
And knelt on the ground and answered of all  
that he had prepared,  
How his heart had leaped within him, and now  
as a wand lay bared  
And stript in our sight; and his sons knelt by  
him on either hand.  
That the Man of God might bless them as he set  
his feet on their land.  
But he craved my blessing also, that captain  
hoary and grim,  
So I set my palm to his forehead, and cried on  
the name of Him  
Who had chosen me out of Jesse, and lifted me  
from the grave,  
And out of the house of Pharaoh, and led me  
upon the wave,  
For a blessing on this man also, his sons, and  
his strong-built town.  
“Hail,” I said, “to the rock that shall never be  
overthrown



By the sea, but shall stand its warder, a keeper  
of many ways

To guard the treasures of ocean ; and unto this  
town be praise.

Though its name be abomination, yet here is a  
shelter found,

And space for our feet to tread on that weary  
long for the ground,

And welcome of tongues that are near our own,  
and an open heart

To hear the cause of our coming, and bless us  
ere we depart.

Upon Elier God send blessing ! Yea, as a lofty  
tree

Be his fourscore years an hundred to hold the  
Gate of the Sea.

His sons are many beside him. I bless them  
now, that they know

That when floods arise, the mountains are open  
wherein to go,

And hide and issue for prey or vengeance in  
flood or field.

They shall plough them both in the Springtime,  
and both shall a harvest yield.

This is the blessing of Tephi." Then he and his  
sons arose  
And cried my name, but their lips spake strangely,  
and might not close  
On its sound, for "Teia, Teia, Teia," these  
Gaddites cried,  
And "Teia, Teia, Teia," the voice of their rock  
replied.

## CHAPTER VII

(1) *The Canaanites set Melcarth upon their wall, but in strife he is broken; (2) Hanmel calleth that place Carteia, and the Prophet foretelleth the glory thereof; (3) The ship of Tyre returning is lost with them that were in it; (4) Baruch dieth at Carteia and a grandson is born unto Elier, and called by his name.*

(1) Now some that bore Melcarth tarried to carry  
him round about,  
And high by his wall they set him, and named  
his name with a shout,  
But the voice of the rock replied not, for their  
crying was shrill and small.  
Then Simon the son of Elier shook his spear  
at the wall,

A sign for the keeping of silence ; and some  
that stood by the shrine  
And looked for an omen, knowing the voice of  
their rock was mine,  
Strove with the priests until Melcarth falling  
was broken in twain,  
The image which Canaan brought from the  
uttermost eastern main,  
And sent forth again to be with her sons, the  
toilers in ships,  
That the name of their God might endure and  
be spoken of many lips.  
A cubit he was in stature, and shapeless unto  
the crown  
Of his head, but arms beside him in the likeness  
of man hung down.  
In his right hand a golden trident was set for  
the rule of the sea,  
And Elier bade it be plucked away, and be given  
to me.

- (2) Then said he, " No more Caer Melcarth, Caer  
Teia this place is named.

Our rock hath shouted thy name. Therein shall  
its walls be famed,  
Whilst the seed of David endures," but the  
Prophet answered him, "Nay,  
This too shall be broken in pieces, its stones be  
carried away.  
Not once nor twice shall this be, by the land,  
by the seas, by the strait  
Shall the spoilers come with engines to storm  
the tower of the gate ;  
But at eve returneth a damsel that holdeth the  
twin-forked spear ;  
A flaming wheel is her buckler, on all the isles is  
her fear,  
And my daughter's sons are with her. Hail  
to the thunder and smoke  
Of the ships which vanquish the thunder, of  
her oxen brought to the yoke  
To plough her by sea and by land a field for  
the harvests of peace.  
From islands of iron she goeth to gather the  
world's increase.  
Yea, islands of strength are the wheels of her  
chariot, her steeds shall not tire,

The storm is silent before them, their neighing  
is hailstones and fire.  
Her peace is with winds and waters and clouds  
to lead her alone  
Over every ocean wherein the might of her  
trident is known.  
To the hill-top of hope, to the Holy Hill. Weep,  
weep no more  
When the daughter of Zion sits in the gate.  
From the shore to the shore  
Her name is heard in the echoing rock, her  
voice in the cave.  
Her young lions draw to her side, though the  
fowls of the mountains rave.  
Where the eagles gather together, is a lion in  
the narrow way.  
He herdeth the kine before me, and setteth  
himself at bay,  
If at dawn the eagles hover, and the prey that  
is in their beak  
Causeth their wings to tarry, their eyries be  
far to seek  
When the lion springeth upon them. Not yet,  
oh my daughter, not yet

Is thy seat on the lion of the gate, but let not  
thy soul forget."

- (3) Three months beside the rock we abode, and  
here it befell  
That the seamen of Tyre returned, and we  
knew how this hap was well,  
For they murmured at Melcarth's fall, and  
therefore an evil thought  
Arose in their hearts to slay us ; taking that  
which we brought  
Out of Egypt, the jewels of Pharaoh, which  
Sebnet his servant gave  
When Pharaoh named me his daughter. These  
we cared not to save,  
But the things of the Lord were precious. These  
things a slave, with a kiss,  
Drew from the lips of a seaman, and Elier  
heard of this  
And brought our goods from the vessel, and  
bade its sailors begone,  
Though the Prophet told it to him how that  
ship should sink as a stone.

- (4) Which thing hath surely happened, for at the  
next eventide  
When Baruch the scribe sat with us, his eyelids  
were opened wide,  
And he said, "The Lord stands by me. My  
spirit is in His hand,  
He slayeth Tyre in deep waters. He saveth  
me by the land,  
He holdeth me in dark places." And then he  
tottered and fell,  
And went to the house of our fathers with  
David my sire to dwell,  
Moses and Jacob with them; an old man  
withered and hoar,  
Whose eyes wept blood over Zion, the tale of  
his years fourscore.  
We buried him by Caer Teia, and there in the  
lispering tongue  
Of its folk men prayed above him, whilst songs  
of the grave were sung  
By me and my women duly. On that same  
night at the morn  
To the wife of Simon Ben Elier a fair man-child  
was born,

And they named him Baruch from him, This  
child is amongst you still.  
Simon Breach ye name him. In our speech  
this is good and ill,  
As of one that is striped and spotted, but fierce  
though his angers be  
His name shall be known unto after days for  
his faith to me.

## CHAPTER VIII

(1) *A ship is sought of Necbal, a Canaanite of Dor, who captures a ship of the Greeks; (2) A prophecy upon the body of Aias; (3) Nabal prepares the ship which cometh without hap unto Tarshish.*

(1) Two months we took much counsel to find us a  
further aid  
For our journey beyond the sea-porch, but at last  
a pact was made  
With a Raclen who came out of Lud, but in  
Canaan, Dor was his birth,  
And he traded in many waters to all the ends of  
the earth.



Aine, a daughter of Dan was the mother of  
Necbal. She knew  
Where Dan lay coiled as a serpent ; watching  
all birds as they flew,  
Naming those that passed to Eriu when winter  
was over and spent.  
She also had sorrow for Zion, her locks and her  
garments were rent,  
But she joyed in the surety of Dan, his salvation  
sealed of the deep,  
Where in grasses and long green rushes the  
broods of the serpent creep  
To sting the horse with its rider, the ox and the  
lion and lamb,  
Until all be gathered together in the promise of  
Abraham.  
She aided us much with Necbal, who bade his  
miledhs await  
A ship of the isles of Elissa that sought to steer  
by the Gate,  
For the Fœni brook no rivals to hamper their  
raclen's mart,  
The weaker come not anigh, the stronger they  
bid depart,

Or fight for the way in the narrow porch, so the  
miledhs of Dor  
And of Rhodan took that ship of the Greeks, and  
to Necbal's store  
Her riches were brought, yet brave and fierce  
were the men of her crew  
Ere Achæas and Aias her captains the bands of  
the Fœni slew.  
I beheld the body of Aias, a mighty hero and  
strong,  
His spear was stayed to his wrist by its plaitings  
of leather thong.  
His greaves were of brass, and his helm was  
brass, and his full-moon shield  
Was pictured with tales of his sires that had  
harried the Ilian field,  
Chiefs of the Raclen, and princes of Dan in his  
islands, and lords  
Of the men of Argol and Chittim, and captains  
that went by the fords  
To the parts about Inis Colcha for fleeces and  
golden dust,  
And fair-haired bondslaves whose fathers will sell  
their daughters to lust.

Thou wast shapely in death brave Aias, and crisp  
the curls of thine head.  
Thy feet and thy hands were little, yet thine arm  
was mighty to shed  
The blood that had drenched thy sword-blade  
when thou heldest thy ship alone,  
Till caught in the nets of the miledhs at last thou  
wast overthrown.

- (2) Now the Prophet said "Out of Javan and Tiras  
a ram shall rise,  
To storm the gates of the sun in the golden house  
of the skies.  
Even now is born God's servant to Madai. Him  
shall He bless  
To the height of a moon whose splendour shall  
weaken yet not be less.  
By him shall Bel be broken, with Misraim, Lud  
and Tyre,  
But the ram of Elissa, the two-horned ram, shall  
tread him in mire.  
He breaketh the walls before him, he butteth the  
furthest East.

The Holy Hill shall know him. He setteth foot  
on the beast,

Upon Egypt, o'er Elam and Assur he goeth  
abroad at will.

The Bamah beholds his horsemen. The roof of  
the world sits still.

He is feared in Hinda and Ganga, and on to  
their utmost isle

As none that hath come before him. Yet, be-  
hold, in a moment's while

He is ended and gone, the place of his ending  
holds not his fame,

But the place of his rest shall be famous, and  
ever dwell in his name.

The wise shall write him in story, the cunning  
picture his deed.

His pride is a garnered treasure whereon shall  
the ages feed.

Magog and Gog adore him. Shushan claimeth  
his right,

But the ram of Helle is set in the sky as her  
beacon light."

- (3) Now Necbal plundered the corpses, and lent us  
the strong-built boat,  
Building great stones within her that upright and  
strong she should float,  
For rowers we had not as yet, and trusted but to  
the sail  
To lead, and the stones within to steady us unto  
the gale,  
If the winds should beat upon us, and wild sea-  
horses outcurl  
Their manes on the plain, but Gaddites and  
Fomorcs we had to furl  
Our sail in such hap from Elier, who, blessing us,  
bade farewell,  
Sending Simon his son with his babe and wife  
to guide us and tell  
The shallows, and count the headlands as we  
sought from the western bay  
Of the Gate, north-west by the sun, where the  
island of turrets lay,  
Near the mines of bright iron and copper, and  
the wind of the south-west still  
Blew soft on our sail, so thither no hap of our  
voyage was ill.

## CHAPTER IX

(1) *Ith the Prince of Breogan giveth rowers to the ship ; (2) He maketh a song for their guidance ; (3) Ith speaketh of his son Lugaid ; (4) Tephi parting from Ith, the galley is brought by a storm unto Pen SaueI.*

(1) Now we came unto Ith to Tarshish, a miledh  
of war was he,

A fierce sea king that ever had joyed in the  
stormy sea,

The crash of the prows in battle, and coast  
towns given to flame ;

But for Elier's sake he loved us when unto his  
courts we came.

He gave us slaves of the Nemidh, lusty, freckled  
and strong,

To fill the bank of the oarsmen, and bend their  
backs unto song ;

And he made them a song to swing to as onward  
we went our way,

And I wrote that song before him, and helped  
them to learn its sway.

(2) To the star, to the star, to the star, do we row  
At the eve, in the dawn, through the day,

Seven moons, seven nights do we sit as we go  
By the coast of the hills on our way.  
To the East, to the right, sixty hours swing the oars  
To the cape of the fire-bearing Pen,  
From its tower is our travail to come by the  
shores  
Whereon Net of the Stones hath his den.  
We are swift, we are strong, for the seas are alone,  
And the hills of the wave builded high,  
And the sea god hath made him a place for a  
throne,  
And the Thunder his camp in the sky.  
By the cahirs of Net, by the stones which he built  
Are the streams where our weary may drink.  
If his men give us hurt unto Ith is their guilt,  
And their names in his nostrils shall stink.  
To the West, to the North, to the East by the  
heads,  
Out of Caerned count forty and four  
Till our way goeth north by the coast where it  
leads  
Past the woods of the wolf and the boar.  
Wait the sun lest the sea-witch draw cloud to her  
hand,

With the moon on our stern must we row,  
Whilst the eyes of the watchmen await on a land  
As a blue mist, as blood or as snow.  
He is blue where he watches the storehouse of tin.  
If his beard we may pluck, he shall smile,  
To the house of the bond-slaves of Ith we go in  
To Elatha, and rest us awhile.

- (3) Now Ith regarded my singing, and grace in his  
eyes I found,  
And he said, "I have mourned my son, who has  
fled beyond the bound  
Of Eber and Gad and Breogan, perchance he  
hath passed away,  
But I would that Lugaid were with me, and thou  
wert his bride this day.  
My sons are not few, but Lugaid's mate should  
be far to seek,  
He was first in arms and in leechcraft, first in  
the stithy's reek,  
First in counsel or pastime, and first would he  
be in pride,  
So he brooked no king above him, and forth he  
went from my side.



Yet my heart is weary for him, and never hath  
    yearned again  
As it yearneth to thee my daughter ; and glad I  
    were if the twain  
Could meet if indeed he liveth. Thou art little,  
    but thou art wise,  
Thy words unto men are few, but queenly their  
    message lies  
In the hearts of slaves thereafter. Now, there-  
    fore my daughter plead  
With my son where'er he greets thee, and his  
    ears shall give good heed."

- (4) Now the Nemidh and Fomorcs sang, setting  
    their backs to the oar  
Many days till they swung together, and the  
    chief of the rowers swore  
That with such he feared no evil. So we went  
    from the fortress of Ith  
Well stored with garments and trinkets, and  
    many a gift therewith,  
Brooches, armlets and rings in caskets of ivory,  
With mirrors of bronze and combs of shells of  
    beasts of the sea ;

For the hand of Ith was open, if wide, uncomely  
and red,  
And he loved the message of Elier, whilst Simon  
his son had wed  
His nigh of kin, who remained with her husband  
behind when we went ;  
And I gave unto Ith three gems to witness my  
soul's content,  
Blue, green and tawny, of Egypt ; and the  
Prophet said, " Let the blue  
That is alway before thee lead thee to seek the  
gift that is new.  
Lo, the mine of emeralds is deep. This, there-  
fore, shall be thy seal  
Of a mining far in the deep in green forests of  
Ar Brazeel.  
In the tawny stone, behold it, thy path is set to  
the South,  
And the tawny sands poured seawards from  
many a river's mouth.  
Thy wealth is in this, in the yellow sands, in the  
shipmen's trade,  
In the tawny lands there is none to make thy  
Breogans afraid."

So spake he to Ith at our parting, and sad are our  
    hearts to go  
By the side of the deep-hued hills, whilst the  
    Fomorcs and Nemidh row  
To their song, but the sea song cheers us ; and so  
    we pass without hap  
To the Firepen flaming northwards that watcheth  
    on Eber's cap.  
There, casting the Pen behind us, we flee for the  
    north in fear,  
For the sea-snakes coil beneath us until we may  
    hardly steer,  
And our galley is tossed up endwise, and some  
    of our oars are broke,  
And some break hearts of our Nemidh, and white  
    are my womenfolk ;  
But I sing them the psalms of David, and how  
    he escaped of Saul  
When the Lord his God stood by him ; and  
    raised his feet on the wall  
When the might of man availed not. Whilst the  
    Prophet readeth his scroll  
And recketh not of the stormwind, nor heedeth  
    the water's roll,

For the Word of the Lord is in him. In a noon  
that is black like night  
He beholdeth the heavens open. His face is a  
shining light.  
Then Buchi breaketh the pole of the helm, and  
we may not steer,  
And he clings to the mast beside us, and heareth  
our holy cheer  
As we go unholpen of man ; but the mighty hand  
of the Lord  
Is with us, and far before us the signs of his  
grace outpoured.  
The seamen's marks have failed in the storm, and  
the watchmen dream  
We are lost in plains of the ocean where never  
the seabirds scream,  
And no life save of sea beasts liveth ; but Buchi,  
the wise man, told  
Of one who had sought Ar Brazeel, and its city  
whose towers are gold,  
And came on that island westward, and stored  
his ship and returned,  
And after six months found Tarshish, a bearer of  
thoughts that burned

In his bosom whilst he hid them ; for a pestilence  
found his crew  
And strewed their bones upon ocean, and all save  
himself it slew ;  
Whilst himself died little after, leaving with Buchi  
his thought.  
Therefore Buchi enquired upon us if now that  
island be sought,  
When our oars were mended and manned, but  
the Servant of God forbade,  
And counted us yet four days wherein our souls  
should be sad.  
Commending us prayer and fasting. Then, there  
fore by night I prayed,  
And by day I heartened my women in God, and  
was not afraid.  
Now, storm was yet on the fifth day but lessened,  
and looking forth  
In the cloud methought that there gathered a  
darker cloud from the North,  
And enquired of the son of Helek, who shaped as  
an arch his hand,  
And gazing, gave thanks unto Heaven that  
brought us in sight of land.

Then we saw it as isles and a wrathful cape, for  
ragged and grey  
The rocks ran down to the sea, and shewed us  
no entrance way.  
Whilst our helm was broke, but the Lord of the  
sky commanded the wind  
To save us out of their teeth in a haven that lay  
behind,  
Where a Pen arose to the East, and a marvel of  
God in that Pen,  
For the storehouse of Ith stood there, and the  
place of Elatha's men.  
More swift than by any road that our pilot had  
steered,  
To the land of tin were we come, yea, even unto  
his beard.

## CHAPTER X

- (1) *Elatha and the servants of Ith give welcome at Pen Sael ;*  
(2) *Elatha sendeth men to Eriu for tidings ;* (3) *They*  
*are sent back with gifts unto Tephi from the men of*  
*Eriu, and a welcome thither.*
- (1) BLESSED were we in the Lord when the traders of  
Ith came out,

And learning our message towards them, raised  
his name with a shout  
And brought us into their houses beneath the  
Pen of the wood,  
Slaying an ox and seething its flesh in pots for our  
food,  
And baking fish with corn and herbs that grew in  
their garth  
Beneath the strong steep Pen whereon was  
builded a rath,  
Defender of lead and tin, and black stones out  
of their mines,  
Both that which burneth as wood, and that  
which glitters and shines  
Betwixt the breasts of their damsels. To the  
mines were our Nemidh sent  
To toil three years for their master, nor thus  
were they ill content,  
For we gave them a promise from Ith, that  
after three years should come  
A 'ship out of Kirjath Hadtho, and bear them  
unto their home  
Where the eye of day is clear on the rocks  
without cloud to blind,

And the dates are sweet in the mouth where the  
bowman seeketh the hind.

- (2) Then Elatha the kinsman of Ith gave counsel to  
rest awhile  
Till swift boats be sent to Eriu to question the  
men of that isle  
Where the princes of Dan abode, and chiefly o  
Jochad, the son  
Of Duach, him that their landsmen had chosen  
as Heremon,\*  
Whose fathers came out of Japho wherein they  
were held too straight  
By the kings of Gath and of Eckron, and spreading  
their sails to fate  
Drew their swords unto kingship in Chittim,  
Rhodan, and Lud,  
And ruled Ar Kadesh, and mingled the stream  
of the chosen blood  
In many a mountain torrent, on many a peopled  
coast  
Ere they lighted on green Eriu a little, a noble  
host,

\* Ir. Eocaidh. Gr. Achaïos.



Which fought the cause of the landmen. This  
fame, and their names herein  
The Prophet foreknew of the Dannites, the  
furthest of Jacob's kin.  
With these he would leave on the sun's path the  
twig of the lofty tree,  
The small green bough of the olive, in the midst  
of the deep to be  
Even yet in Abraham's bosom, the home of his  
sons afar  
Who replenish their strength in the isles, ere  
they gather to seek the star  
Of Isaac and Jacob their fathers, when Israel  
filleth the earth  
With joy in the sound of his coming, and music  
and songs of mirth.

- (3) Five weeks we abode at Pensauel till the men of  
the land returned  
With tidings whereat the Prophet rejoiced, and  
my spirit burned.  
At [Pen Edair they heard of peace, how Eriu  
yearned for the choice

Of a guard against evil rulers, and the *aire* \*  
cried with one voice  
Upon Jochad, the son of Duach, a prince of the  
tribe of Dan,  
A champion wise and mighty, and sprung of that  
chosen clan  
Which had captained *miledhs* in Javan, and  
their hosts throughout Eberled.  
This prince had been sought for of many, yet  
stayed in his prime unwed,  
For the *ollamhs* that watched the stars to the  
twilight whereon he was born  
Beheld ere the sun's arising a moon with a  
slender horn  
Ascend from the sea before him, to lead his  
light out of sleep ;  
And they set on the babe a vow that the  
strength of the man should keep,  
To hold himself from the stars, till a moon in  
the eastern sky  
Should shine in the dark and lead him, yea,  
even when noon was high.

\* *Aire*, yeomen, literally ploughmen.

For that moon abided near him till over him  
clouds were grey,  
And at eventide was seen ere the sun was  
hidden away.  
Now there went by the men of Elatha as a token  
to Pen Edair  
The slender horns of silver, the clasp I was wont  
to wear  
On my veil in the house of my fathers. The  
daughters of kings were known  
By such from old days before me, and my sire  
upon David's throne  
Had fastened the clasp upon me, when they  
brought me first to his sight,  
Though "Tephi" \* he cried in anger, and in me  
had little delight.  
This token the Prophet bade me loose from the  
folds of my veil  
And send as the horns wherewith he should  
harry the priests of Baal ;  
For he sent a fiery message forth by Elatha's men  
Who told it the chiefs of Eriu, and they that  
dwelt by the Pen

\* A small one. Mignon.

Of Edair scoffed at its hearing, taking the tale  
for a jest  
To be told in the near assembly where the war  
chiefs gathered at rest,  
But when Jochad the Prince had heard it, he  
straightway rose from his seat  
And cried, "It is twilight still, but the day shall  
be soon complete.  
Ye have doubted the dawn, ye chiefs of Canaan,  
Eber and Finn,  
But the moon on the furthest deeps hath reached  
the island of tin  
To shine full soon o'er Pen Edair. Her shadow  
cometh before.  
At her rising the fomorcs \* shall flee and the men  
of Eriu adore.  
Bring in these men out of Albion, and bid the  
ollamhs unroll  
The message they bring with the token from him  
that hath writ us a scroll.  
Then were called the men of Elatha, and unto  
the warrior's hill

\* Sea rovers.

They came with the scroll of the Prophet, and  
none spoke kindly or ill  
Whilst Sri the son of Ezru, an ollamh skilled in  
the speech  
Of Zion, Nemidh and Breogan, held forth his  
hand unto each  
And took from the one my token, and bowed to  
the Holy Name  
On the Prophet's scroll, and sought it of his fellow  
that with him came,  
And read its words in men's ears. Great was  
the import thereof,  
For the Lord had spoken therein. Now the last  
of His word was love,  
But wrath was in the beginning, which the chiefs  
waxed wrathful to hear,  
And murmurs arose in their midst both of anger  
and scorn and fear.  
"Ho, ye that dwell in the rushes,—Ho, ye that  
walk by the sea,  
Afar, in the clear-walled island,—Ye have whored  
and are sundered from Me.  
Ye are set upon idols greatly,—Your feet are  
clayed in the mire,

Ye are fat with the flesh forbidden,—Your fore-  
heads swell with desire.

As swine ye rush on each other,—Ye gore as an  
unclean beast.

Your prayers are evil before Me,—My soul ab-  
horreth your feast.

Ye are long cast out from Zion.—Your feet were  
the first to flee.

Ye have spawned in Javan and Nimidh,—Your  
seed is lost in the sea.

Jacob is wasted in Eber,—Yea, as a wine that is  
spilt.

The poison of asps is in you,—Have I not known  
your guilt?

The glory of Zion was yours,—Ye first have  
hastened her fall.

Weep for your sins, ye faithless,—Weep not My  
Temple's wall.

For now I dwell not in houses,—Only with men  
I dwell.

Hearken now to My message,—Hear it and heed  
it well.

I call and ye shall not hearken.—I cry, and ye  
will not heed.

The blessing of Abraham liveth.—I sow you with  
David's seed.

A little seed unto ages.—Ye shall tread it under  
your feet.

It shall sleep amidst your tumults.—It shall  
slumber in cold and heat.

My burden on Eriu is broken against you, the  
thing I crave

Is a name forgot, and a secret place, and a far-  
off grave.

My name I have left in Egypt. Unto an hiding  
place

I bring the treasures of Yahveh that He shutteth  
from every face

Till this season. Not unto Dan are these, but I  
bring therewith

The daughter of David, daughter of Pharaoh,  
daughter of Ith,

A fount that Yahveh hath cleansed, anointed of  
Him from birth,

Heiress of tribes and peoples scattered o'er all  
the earth.

The furthest isles are her portion, the sea is hers  
as her dower.

Her sons shall rule in Eriu, her sons' sons reign  
unto power ;

Till her child that shall be, gather the flock of  
David anew.

His head is crowned with the sun. His feet are  
wet with the dew

As he leadeth them in the morning. This also  
ye may not learn :

Ye are blind, but a ring in the snout, is plain that  
ye all discern.

Behold her silvern crescent which marketh the  
daughter of kings.

A king that wrought evil gave it. Moreover,  
bracelets and rings

Be hers of Tarshish from Ith of the Breogan out  
of his hold

Wherein ye barter your herds and harvest for  
treasures of gold.

He is greater than ye, yet the seed of Judah hath  
known a sire

Higher than Ith, for Misraim bows to its Lord's  
desire ;

And he gave to his daughter Tephi royal garments  
that shine



As sunset, and are as the rainbow with jewels out  
of the mine.

Who is he that sitteth amongst you shall raise his  
eyes to their hem.

The Queen of the Gates and Nile cometh out of  
Jerusalem

As a sweet fruit ripened in Winter. Hither with  
her the Stone,—

The Stone of the Kingdom cometh. It shall not  
be left alone

Henceforth of her sons for ever. I bid ye prepare  
her a home

Wherein all shall be meet and ready that the feet  
of the Queen shall come,

Yet not ask of me. I am left in Egypt a pillar  
to be

Unto days and lands and peoples, when the Lord  
bears witness in me.

I stand a sower, a ploughman. My God hath set  
me to plant.

I shall not fail in His time. His hand hath  
holpen my want.

A builder, I set one stone ; as a husbandman, a  
seed ;

But the Stone is the dwelling of Him from whose  
hand shall the nations feed,  
And thereon shall rest His Chosen, whose King-  
dom is East and West,  
Whereupon the sun shall wander and find no  
place for his rest  
Of the night, but day endureth. Heed ye this  
work, and mark,  
At the end of days it is clear. It is dim in the  
veils of the Ark.  
This also may not be broken, though men shall  
hide it away,  
It standeth in earth for ever, and ruleth the night  
and day.”  
These things read Sri in their hearing, and silence  
dwelt for a space.  
The hearts of the warriors held them, and each  
man sat in his place  
A dreamer of far-off places, and pondered on  
hidden things,  
And thrones and kindreds and seasons and sons  
that should reign as kings ;  
But the children of Baal were angered, and  
Tuirbhi was first to speak,

The chief of the Tyrian craftsmen. "What came  
ye hither to seek,  
Ye men of Elatha, the scourge of the fomorcs, the  
shipman of Dan,  
And foster-father to Jochad? I know the wiles  
that ye plan!  
Elatha's mines are empty. His smelters handle the  
spear.  
His sails are gathered together that Eriu may  
dwell in fear.  
Ye are come as spies before him. Answer ye to  
his boast,  
That the men of Eriu be gathered to greet him  
on every coast,  
Though Ith out of Eber help him, and Elier out  
of the Gate.  
If Egypt indeed be with him, it is long that his  
host must wait.  
But come ye many or few our firbolgs have little  
fear  
Whilst Tuirbhi watcheth his anvils to furnish each  
with a spear.  
By Caiseal the stones are strong that are piled  
upon Breogan's wall,

And the crag of Edair is steep whereupon it is ill  
to fall.

Our gold is stored in the mosses, our oxen hidden  
away,

Are ill to hunt in the mountains, and few shall be  
for a prey.

Though he send the chief of his Milidh, surely  
we will not stir ;

Though he send his champion to Jochad, ill shall  
it be with Ir.

For Ir, his captain of strength, the wild boar  
rooteth a grave.

If he come to the land of Eriu, his ships shall  
burn on the wave

Though Jochad his brother help him." Thus  
Tuirbhi spake and was still,

And Elatha's men stood silent, nor answered they  
good or ill.

But the bard of Jochad endured not. Ethan,  
Muiroideach's son,

A youth, but a mighty singer that ever the oak-  
wreath won.

In wrath he arose, and sang against Tuirbhi a  
song of might

Till his brow set red in his bosom and his heart  
was closed from the light.

“Hear ye, hear ye, ye princes.—Hear ye, the son  
of the smith.

Stand in the blast of the bellows,—Be ye all  
shaken therewith.

Give your nose to the pincers,—So doth he  
lengthen it out.

Crafty the rings of Tuirbhi,—Gaily they hang in  
the snout.

Bowed in the back is Tuirbhi.—Are ye not all  
the weight?

Doth not he squeal beneath it?—Doth not a  
beldame prate?

She is blind beneath her forelocks.—Is she not  
sore afraid?

Shall Ir at his coming take her?—Shall he choose  
the smith as a maid?

Let laughter be upon Tuirbhi,—Go clothe his  
brawn with a smock.

Clip his bristles to smoothness,—lest the men of  
Elatha mock.

Those that have brought good tidings,—See in  
the hand of Sri.

A slender silvern crescent.—The moon of the  
East is nigh.

Her horns are peace and riches.—Set as an elfin  
queen

She saileth her boat in heaven.—Her rounded  
fulness hath been

Before and it shall be after.—She hideth yet for a  
space

From Eriu in her chamber,—He findeth her  
hidden place

He rejoiceth in her beauty.—Robe Eriu like a  
king.

Set purple and gold upon him.—May a sun arise  
to fling

His mantle of gold about her,—his fires in her  
slender form,

That her months be duly rounded,—That new  
stars in the sky be born.

She hath gems to teach the springtime,—veils to  
shelter the heat.

Gold for the Autumn harvest,—Her light in  
Winter is sweet,

Fair on the snow she glistens.—We dream of that  
which may be.

Our hearts are where she riseth,—In isles of the  
Eastern sea,  
In mighty cities and temples,—in stories of  
ancient days,  
In visions of kings and heroes,—with priests  
amidst songs of praise.  
Go forth to meet her, my soul.—My beloved is  
very fair ;  
She is white, she hath eyes as stars,—The night  
is set in her hair ;  
She hath rainbows in all her garments,—She hath  
dewdrops about her throat.  
Her hands are slender lilies,—Her voice hath the  
cushat's note.  
Her lips are as winter berries,—Her foot hath a  
mouse's fall.  
Where she cometh joy awaketh,—He riseth to  
festival.  
Three mighty kings are her sires—No king's son  
sits at her side.  
She cometh a queen to Eriu,—A queen and a  
chosen bride,  
Eriu shareth her birthright,—The flower of its  
greenest sod

Shall blossom here in our midst,—and grow to  
the Land of God.”

Then the chiefs of green Eriu rose up from their  
seats to throng

To the place of Ethan, and raised him aloft and  
bore him along

On a shield and shouted and crowned him, for  
seldom such tongue was heard

As Ethan’s, strong as a stormwind, clear as a  
morning bird

Was his voice, and his touch on the harpstrings  
light, like a fountain’s play,

A ripple of running music that chimed with the  
voice alway.

Oft have I heard, and loved it. Ah me, that a  
bard be slain

By the coward deed of a churl, for a witchwife  
light and vain.

Each chief gave then a guerdon which matched  
with the giver’s state.

First Balor grandson of Net flung down twelve  
pounds by weight

Red gold in torcs and armlets. Heavy his herds-  
men’s toil.



Then Crimthann Lord of Pen Edair gave him an  
ocean spoil  
Of goblets and horns of silver, and Nuadh of  
Usna's keep  
Gave gold and horns of a seabeast brought from  
the northern deep,  
And the chiefs of the merchants gave him a  
breastplate of well-wrought gold,  
With an ivory chessplay carved by cunning men  
to the mould  
Of kings with their chiefs and firbolgs. Such  
bard gift ne'er hath been gained  
As Ethan's, a hundred warriors plucked their  
cloaks till it rained  
A shower of their flashing brooches ; but Jochad  
his lord came late,  
Yet foremost, for Jochad was proud. His gold  
was little of weight,  
He had not oppressed his yeomen, yet he gave  
unto Ethan's hand  
A gift which was more than Balor's, and worth  
the half of his land,  
A brooch of red gold which wizards of Tursis had  
sprinkled o'er

With a golden sand by magic, and out of their  
hidden lore  
Had heaped it in flowers and bosses, and mar-  
vellous stems of fern  
Where the eye was 'wildered in choice, and scarce  
had strength to discern ;  
Yet the whole was a sun in glory. Now, once  
that glory was seen  
With Eileen fairest of women, she that was set as  
a queen  
O'er Elissa in fair Ar Galish, and fled to a further  
shore  
To carry the curse of Javan, and leave her tale  
evermore  
In the mouths of bards and singers. Now  
Jochad's sires out of Troy  
Won this when the city had fallen, a treasure  
without alloy  
In the eyes of all fair women, a spell compelling  
the eyes,  
A gift beyond price more precious than aught  
that the merchant buys.  
Then Ethan cried, " With a bardgift, lo, I am  
made a prince.

Such hansels may not be handled, mine eyes at  
their brightness wince.

Cover them all lest they blind me. Let them be  
carried away.

Let these be earnest of Eriu that the moon no  
more shall delay,

But hasten her speedy rising." Then the  
chieftains shouted loud

"Let us see the moon of the morning. The  
edge of whose silver cloud

Hath touched upon Albinn. Seek it. Ye men  
of Elatha speed

With the greetings of green Eriu to welcome the  
chosen seed

Of the Daogdæ, kings of Morias, that holy city of  
fate,

Morias Fail of our fathers. She mourneth its  
fallen state.

Both in Egypt she mourned, and in Breogan, but  
tell her that warm shall be

The hearth that is lit in Eriu, the greenest isle of  
the sea."

## CHAPTER XI

- (1) *The men return to Elatha, and give the gifts of Eriu unto Tephi, who telleth of her chief jewels ; (2) Bres telleth his father of the prophecy upon Jochad ; (3) Elatha mourneth for their departure and communeth upon Ephraim with the Prophet ; (4) He prepareth many vessels for them, and sendeth Bres with them to Eriu ; (5) of their journey thitherwards.*

- (1) So these men came joyful to Albinn, and poured  
their tale in our ears,  
How their hearts were low at Pen Edair, and  
heavy at Crimthann's jeers,  
And sunken at Tuirbhi's boasting ; but how from  
the side of a chief  
Clearbrowed as the dawn sprung a youth who  
had given their souls relief,  
Heaping out wealth upon them. Then they  
brought the bardgift they bore  
From the chiefs and Ethan, and showed it.  
Now behold, the first of their store  
Was the wondergift of Jochad. Mine eyes grew  
blinded thereon  
And Elatha took, and laid it on my breast in  
place of the stone

Of Pharaoh, a sky of turquoise that swam betwixt  
golden wings,  
A precious gift and an holy, and meet for  
daughters of kings,  
Chosen of God and his Servant, for the Lord had  
shapen its thought  
In its maker. Where graven idols of beasts have  
made Him of naught.  
His thought shall behold their ashes, and the  
wings of His spirit fly  
Before men's souls in their blindness to name  
Him eternally.  
So I changed the place of my jewels, my moon I  
set on my brow,  
And the turquoise lay at my throat where it  
wideneth out below ;  
But the sun of Eileen I planted deeply upon my  
breast.  
There it shall gleam in my sidhe,\* and lighten  
the gloom of my rest.

- (2) Then Elatha spake with the Man of God, and  
called upon Bres,

\* Tumulus with chamber at centre, pronounced *shee*.

His firstborn, the stay of his age, that now was  
his strength to press  
The presses of Eriu and Albinn, and thrice had  
been unto Ith,  
To Tarshish, and once to Caer Teia, and bade  
him unfold the myth  
Of the bards upon Jochad's cradle, for the twain  
were nurtured as one.  
When the father of Jochad fell, his babe and his  
only son  
Shared couch and cover and breast with Bres in  
the fort of the horn  
Of Albinn. So Bres well-skilled in that legend  
of mystic morn  
Gave forth its tale in our hearing, and I treasured  
it in my heart,  
Ere Elatha gathered his vessels and gave us speed  
to depart.

- (3) Now Elatha communed much with the Prophet,  
and wept and grieved  
Upon Zion greatly, but read the promise and  
greatly believed

The blessing of Jacob on Joseph and Judah,  
    beholding the day  
When Ephraim's kiss should bind them, and sin  
    be taken away :  
And he learned by his packmen where Ephraim  
    tarried now by the path  
Out of Hara, Haber and Halah, wherein the Lord  
    in his wrath .  
Had set him amidst the Madai, and how by Kir  
    he had fled  
Through the children of Heth to the mountains,  
    and crossed by the watershed  
To the summer land Defroban, and built him a  
    temple there,  
For the Lord in the pastures of Kef, and now  
    the name which they bare  
Was Asirgard, City of God, that the God of  
    Moses therein  
Might keep him from Heth and Magog, and  
    purge him away from his sin.  
Now Elatha blessed the Lord beholding how  
    David should wait  
The kiss of Joseph whose ploughing tarrieth long  
    in the gate.

The Engel is slow and heavy and loves by the  
river mead

To lie in the sun by day, and rise at morning to  
feed.

But hateth the yoke and the plough for the field  
wherein she would lie

Where the lion is in the gate. Yet the Engel  
shall draw anigh

For the ploughing, and harvest shall whiten slowly  
up from the blade

When the boughs of the planted cedar are over  
his head for shade.

(4) Of these things Elatha communed much with the  
Prophet and bade

That the lioness cub of Judah be with such pomp  
arrayed

As the power in his hand might furnish to pass  
to that seagirt isle

Wherein is the sapling planted to suck the dews  
for awhile,

Ere it grow of strength to return to the land of  
the strong free breeze,



And increase on its northern mountains, and  
spread to its narrow seas.

By its shores of grey-blue granite, its shores of  
blood and of snow,

By all walls of its fertile garden fenced of the sea  
shall it grow.

Therefore he painted his vessels, and set them  
with snowy sails,

And bound green wreaths to their foreheads, and  
out of his merchant bales

Brought scarlet and blue and white to flutter  
upon the mast

And stripe their sterns with a rainbow to oaken  
planking made fast.

Then men of the silvery isle of Vect he chose  
for our band,

An island of many havens that lieth under that  
land ;

And mixed folk out of the Domnan that dwell  
where the tors are red,

Mighty men of the sea, fire-hearted, wary of  
head ;

And fisherfolk from the horn, the beard of the  
promised isle,

A mixed folk also whose maidens hark to the  
    raclen's wile,  
'Till the blood of Zidon and Israel toileth amidst  
    the veins  
Of the rocks wherefrom the princes of the Tyrians  
    suck their gains ;  
And fomorcs \* of Khumru north till then reachest  
    the furthest Pen  
Of Lochlann, returning again by coasts of moun-  
    tain and fen  
To the narrow seas of Albinn by the shore of the  
    silver wall,  
And pass by the island of Vect again to Elatha's  
    hall.  
A hundred ships had Elatha, and he gathered  
    fifty and three  
With chosen men as their pilots, to make a con-  
    voy for me,  
And the wealth of Egypt and Tarshish and that  
    which Eriu gave,  
That my sailing be spoken of many, my path be  
    sure on the wave,

\* Fomorians, sea-rovers.

And Eriu have fear and joy at my coming. Two  
thousand and five  
Were the living souls of our navy. "A gallant  
swarm for the hive  
Of a queen well stored with honey." Thus Bres  
of the miledh spake ;  
And his father answered again, right glad for his  
firstborn's sake  
(The son that Delbaeth's daughter bare him in  
Maoth Seein  
When she loved his youth ere she fled with the  
sea-king to be his queen)  
"To thee be the hiving of her," and, Bres being  
merry, cried back,  
"How may I store the honey with all the wasps  
in its track ?  
Thou knowest our wasps of Eriu." Whereat  
Elatha replied,  
"The Lord shall harbour the queen-bee. Be  
thou but found on His side  
And His sweetness shall surely bless thee." Such  
answer more grave than gay  
Had Bres from his father Elatha before we went  
on our way,

With the summer breeze behind us. We jour-  
neyed first to the North  
Beside the lands of the Khumru which deep in  
the sea jut forth,  
Till we came to their holy island, and were blessed  
of their ancient bards  
Who sang to their harps the night of our resting,  
but afterwards  
With a clear east wind ere dawn we went by a  
path that lay  
To the West, and brought us swiftly in sight of  
the fairest bay  
Whereupon I had looked. By Edair our anchors  
and stones we cast,  
And the firbolgs of Crimthann swam with ropes  
to steady us fast ;  
And Crimthann came with his captains and stood  
to watch on the strand  
And shouted, and many bards sang welcomes of  
Eriu's land.

## CHAPTER XII

- (1) *Tephi setteth foot upon Eriu, the defended island ; (2) The song of the bards at her landing.*

(1) THEN looked I for Ethan and knew him, for his  
voice was sweetest of all ;  
But his lord I might not know 'midst the chiefs  
out of Crimthann's hall,  
Twelve warriors strong, but I liked not them-  
selves in their cloaks of red :  
So I deemed the master of Ethan a dullard, and  
bowed my head,  
And wrapped his sun in my mantle, ere smiling  
I raised one hand  
To my women, whilst out of the ship I was  
carried in haste to land  
By Ethan the bard, green-mantled ; and another  
that, clad as he,  
Throwing his harp on the pebbles, ran singing  
still through the sea,  
And raised up his arms imploring, till my women  
lifted me out  
To the seat they made with their mantles. Nor  
did I tremble or doubt

For their tread was steady and sure ; and I  
    smiled to him to the right,  
For his brow was clear and steadfast, his eyes  
    were joyous and bright ;  
And so by the bards of Eriu I was borne through  
    the shallow sea,  
And this was beginning of joy and pain in the  
    heart of three.  
I had not smiled upon Ethan though rich with  
    his gift I came,  
And his was the highest voice of the bards that  
    had cried my name.  
Tall and agile he was, but little he stood  
    beside  
The bard with the crisp curled locks whose gaze  
    was open and wide  
Out of frank blue eyes that feared not, and  
    chanted lofty and loud  
In their chorus Teffia Teia, and struck his harp  
    with a proud  
Long sweep of the strong white fingers. His  
    song ran into my blood,  
And its voice is long remembered, as a lonely  
    tower in a flood.

- (2) My heart hath waited for thee, Teia,  
My heart hath waited for thee long.  
Though Egypt's sun adore thee, Teia,  
My heart is as a hearth more strong.  
It shall hold thee, help thee, keep thee,  
Teia,  
It shall love thee from this first bright day,  
In its radiance fold thee, steep thee, Teia,  
When it flashes in the snowstorms far away.  
Green Eriu smiles to meet thee  
Teffia, Teia.  
Her bards are come to greet thee,  
Teffia, Teia.  
With the homage of her love  
That thy crescent smiles above  
In the mirrors of the bay.

My soul is yearning to thee, Teia.  
My hands are yearning towards thee now.  
Though Tarshish and Pensavel woo thee,  
Teia.  
Eriu shall not cloud thy brow.  
It shall fold thee, feed thee, fill thee, Teia.

It shall stay thee where the white waves leap,  
In thy weeping it shall still thee, Teia,  
In thy midnight it shall watch thy couch of  
sleep.

Its reverence shall be on thee  
Teffia, Teia,

As a hallowed light upon thee  
Teffia, Teia.

As the glory of the morn  
Shines upon thy crescent horn  
O'er the emeralds of the deep.

They ceased ere they reached the land, and lo,  
he hem of my vest  
Had fallen out of my hand, and the sun that lay  
on my breast  
Flashed in their eyes, and they started apart ; but  
the stronger bore  
My form in his arms one moment, and set me as  
light on the shore  
As I might lay down some blossom, sweet-scented,  
which tenderwise  
My lips had touched ere I set it more far to  
gladden mine eyes.



## CHAPTER XIII

- (1) *Of Tephî's rest at Pen Edair ; (2) She telleth of her person and of her state in going thence unto the Place of Assembly of the men of Eriu ; (3) Tephî rebuketh the priests; (4) Their idol is broken by Ethan.*

Now the chiefs of that place and Ath Cliath  
cried my name from their lips,  
And a seaman's shouting rolled like thunder  
around the ships  
In the speech of the mingled peoples, but  
"Teia" was most their shout  
As it was beneath the rock of the Gate. Then  
girded about  
By a throng of bright-eyed women, green-tuniced  
and wreathed with green  
I was raised aloft on a seat, and carried like  
Egypt's queen  
By chieftains in double rank past Edair's piteous  
tomb,  
(Edair, Eglaeth's daughter, that died in her  
husband's doom.)  
Up the steep of the Pen to the Cahir of Crim-  
thann, chief of the fights,

Thereafter for and against me in things that the  
Lord requites.

He and his chiefs went before us clearing with  
spears our road,

Their helmets starry with sunset, red suns in the  
locks which flowed

Far down on their crimson garments. Mine  
eyes were dazzled with these,

And I turned and looked behind me, and found  
contentment and ease

Amidst them that followed after, and foremost  
with golden hair

Broad brow and clear bright vision, I saw the  
harper that bear

Me out of my ship, and by him strode Ethan  
agile and dark,

With a flame of fire on his cheek, and fire in the  
eager spark

Of his flashing eyes upon me. Of the bards  
there came fourscore

In green ; then a chosen band of Elatha's men  
from the shore

Came next in their varied raiment, the purples of  
them that sold

The Tyrian wares, and scarlet and azure, whilst  
    ruddy gold  
Gleamed in their belts and brooches, flashed from  
    their helms of brass  
Like a marsh-flower mead. Behind them followed  
    a mingled mass  
Of folk that wore scanty garments waving aloft in  
    their hands  
Fair wreaths and branches of oak trees, or flut-  
    tered on sticks gay strands  
Of woollens in tattered ribbons, as bright as a  
    barley field  
When it whiteneth unto harvest and the husband-  
    man guesseth its yield.

- (2) Such was my state at my coming. My daughters,  
    if ye set store  
To hear of a woman's presence, and the garments  
    your mother wore  
At her welcome ;—little of stature, and slender of  
    limb was I,  
Being white, not red of my colour, like a stalk of  
    nodding rye.

Upon midnight braids of my hair did my argent  
crescent shine.

My throat's thin ivory column poised 'twixt the  
wings divine

About Pharaoh's wide blue heaven ; whilst the  
sun of Eileen beneath

Took roses of rosy sunset. On the hems of my  
veil a wreath

Was brodered with gold, and wings of shining  
insects whose name

I knew not, sea-blue below, but lit with an  
emerald flame ;

Which veil was long and fragile, as spun out of  
gossamer

By fairy looms of the dawn ; and this was the  
gift of Ir

Who had brought it out of Caer Hayo, and said,  
in a furthest land

Of the East, witch-women wrought it in caves  
with a moistened hand,

And withered their eyes in working its whiteness,  
whiter than wool

Or fairest linens of Egypt. Where this veil had  
been folded full

To my form, I fastened and bound it with a  
    serpent about my waist  
Of fine gold, very precious. Now in that girdle  
    was placed  
A sprig of a herb of Eriu, three-headed on every  
    stem.  
Cendrige, my people call it, and much it is loved  
    of them,  
As the charm of their fair green island. This  
    those bore forth in their hand  
That brought me on cloaks through the ripples,  
    and set my feet on the land.  
Now this had been placed by the foremost, the  
    bard on my right hand side,  
But I knew not the charm was with me till I  
    found it at eventide  
When I couched in the booth by the fortress.  
    Next morrow at early dawn  
When my women arrayed me for journey, I saw  
    it, and scorning to scorn  
A bard that had given such welcome, set it again  
    to the clasp  
Of my serpent ere Bres came thither, and lifting  
    me light in his grasp

Placed me high on a jennet, snowy, wild-eyed and  
still,  
But therewith tall and stately, and so we paced  
down the hill  
And out through the fair green grasses, with Bres  
still near at my side,  
And his cohort of captains by him wherewith he  
was wont to ride,  
And the bards behind us on ponies that sat with  
their harps to play  
And move us with mirth and music what while  
we went on our way.  
Now Ethan was ever foremost, and sweetest of  
all was his song ;  
But I looked in vain for his fellow, with purpose  
that held no wrong  
Of repaying his charm with a golden ring, but I  
found him not,  
Marvelling wherefore he tarried ; yet my cendrige  
was not forgot  
When we came by an easy journey next morn unto  
Crofinn's croft,  
Where at the land was assembled, for there the  
grasses were soft,

And many horses might pasture, with cattle and  
flocks for meat.  
Here the chiefs of Eriu had portioned themselves  
their seat  
On the banks round the croft of Crofinn, and there  
each set him a booth,  
And they met on its central greensward where the  
level was clean and smooth  
For choice and converse amongst them upon  
Eriu's hap and its weal,  
In a three weeks' truce wherein the tongue was  
lord of the steel  
Throughout all coasts of the island. Now this  
truce was for two days yet,  
When one short hour after dawn, through meadows  
that still lay wet  
With the dews I came to the croft as a queen  
with my following,  
For unto that day the island had never bowed to  
one king,  
Though high chiefs ruled in Usna and Caseal and  
fair Emain,  
And in many duns and cathirs fortified in forest  
or plain

Or on hilltops. Each tall landmark crowned with  
their strongholds stood,  
And the lords did that within them that seemed  
in their own eyes good.  
Now the cry of the land was bitter, for most of  
the chiefs wrought ill  
On their landsmen as on their foemen, and each  
by his strong-walled hill  
Held cattle plundered of either, until the forces  
which cling  
In clanship were severed amongst them, and the  
aires cried for a king  
To hush their feuds and to pluck the husbandmen  
from the mire,  
And the bards of the land were with them to  
yield them their heart's desire ;  
But the priests of the gods against them. Yet  
some of the priests that knew  
The God of the Hebrews helped them ; but these  
were a chosen few,  
And the priests of the heathen many, well skilled  
in the ancient lore  
Of Criden and Baal and Samen, and many an  
idol more



Whom their fathers knew in Canaan, and the  
June morn filled with heat  
When I heard their trumpets blow as the priests  
came forward to greet  
Her that was hid in the Temple ; yea, in its  
inmost shrine  
Was held with the graven tablets, and the scrolls  
of the Law Divine.  
These that came in white garments. These with  
a frenzied tread  
That whirled upon desiol\* circles ! Had not  
my spirit bled  
Before such in the house of David ? How might I  
greet them here ?  
I was weak, the might of the Lord prevailèd over  
my fear,  
And I rode in His wrath against them.

- (3) "Ho, ye that have eyes to see,  
Ho, ye that have ears to hear with, keep silence  
at sight of me,  
And my voice from the Lord," I cried, "for Baal  
is broken of Bel,

\* Sunwise.

The twain shall be broken together. They sink  
to the nethermost hell.

A flame hath descended on Zion. God sweepeth  
with wings of fire

The House of His habitation. He sendeth hail  
upon Tyre.

Zidon and Gath are broken, Ephraim led away,  
Samaria lieth fallen, and is as an heap this day  
Because men whorèd with idols. Shall idols  
come forth to greet

Her that the Lord hath kept, that dwelt by His  
Mercy Seat.

Your dances and fires He hateth. Behold, the  
face of the Lord

Is a sun that shineth in darkness, His tongue is  
a flaming sword,

Let Criden and Baal be broken, devourers, and  
blind of sight

And empty of help for all that sink in the womb  
of night.

Yet the great or little prevails not when God  
ariseth in wrath,

With a pebble-stone from the brook he layeth the  
might of Gath."

- (2) E'en at my word a pebble sang by mine ear and  
smote  
Through the open mouth of Criden, and broke  
his head from his throat,  
And his breast was shattered also. Swift on my  
own swift speech  
Was Ethan's deed upon Criden, for all that the  
prophets teach  
Was known of Ethan, our Hebrew speech, and  
our father's deed.  
He smote as my father David. The Lord had  
answered my need.  
Now the image he smote was hollow, and held in  
a secret hold  
The gifts of the blind and foolish, their rings and  
the stars of gold  
Which the priests said went to his dwelling, but  
now his falling revealed  
From the hiding place of his belly, and scattered  
o'er all the field,  
And all were amazed and angered; and men  
called out upon Sri  
The son of Ezra their wisest, to interpret my  
word, and why

Their idol was shattered before it, for silent  
amongst the band  
Stood Ethan, and none beheld when the stone  
flew forth from his hand,  
Their eyes being set upon me; and wherefore  
that image fell  
When my wrath was laid upon it not they that  
bear it might tell.  
Then Sri the son of Ezru, a lover of better  
things,  
Set forth my speech in their tongue, and the  
strifes of our former kings,  
How Saul the mighty had fallen when idols led  
him astray,  
And how from the house of David God's curse  
was taken away  
For a space, but was sealed thereafter. Now the  
priests were angry that heard,  
But the common people listened, and many  
hearkened to his word,  
And some of the chiefs and the most of the  
bards. Amongst them a cry  
"Daouda, Daouda hath smote him," arose at the  
words of Sri,

Telling how David had smitten whilst yet a  
youth with the flock  
The giant, mighty in war, with a stone of the  
brook, a rock  
The cornerstone of his house : and the shouting  
“ Daouda ” grew  
When he told how the Lord of Hosts descended  
in flame anew  
On the Seat that he brought from Kirjath to set  
in Jerusalem,  
The Ark, the Holy of Holies, which went with  
the tents of Shem  
When Israel came out of Egypt. Sore were the  
priests of Baal,  
But the people cried out against them, and  
praised me that heard this tale,  
So their wrath kept silence before me, and  
turning they went again  
Till we passed the banks of Crofinn, and entered  
the little plain  
Wherein the chieftains assembled. An hundred  
princes and eight  
Of Eriu waited my coming ; each with his proper  
state,

His druid and bard and champion ; and all stood  
there on their feet  
Save I, who with Bres at my bridle, rode forth on  
the sward to greet  
The lords of the high assembly, who hailed me,  
child of their isle,  
And queen of the house of their fathers, and so  
without thought of guile  
I unveiled my face before them, and spake to  
them gentlewise  
My thanks for their greeting and favour, but that  
which shone in the eyes  
Of many chilled me before them ; so, icy in  
pride, I rode  
Before Sri, and Bres and Ethan, to enter the fair  
abode  
Which these had built for my coming, whitewood,  
well carven in scrolls  
Of serpents, whose hinder part in an endless  
ribbon unrolls.  
Its door was a woollen curtain of green with a  
scarlet hem,  
And Sri on its lintel fastened the name of  
Jerusalem

Writ in Hebrew in brazen letters, and set on its  
posts a sign  
That none but the maids might enter the booth  
which was named as mine.  
Therein I rested at noonday, and ate in the  
failing light,  
But had little sleep thereafter, and watched the  
most of the night :  
For the looks of the priests misliked me, and the  
hungry eyes of the men  
Of Eriu searched upon me, as eyes of wolves in  
their den,  
Till my heart was water within me, troubled and  
sore afraid.  
Then long in the long night watches to the Lord  
of Zion I prayed  
To deliver my soul from evil, my limbs and breast  
from the grip  
Of a wolf, and the High One heard me, and  
caused not my foot to slip.

## CHAPTER XIV

- (1) *Tephi telleth of the departure of the Man of God ; (2) She is brought on the morrow into the assembly ; (3) The lot of Baal falleth beside Balor of the Mighty Blows, and upon Bres the son of Elatha.*

(1) YET my troubles that night endured, and I  
longed for the Prophet's aid,  
For I loved him e'en as I feared him, as an  
infant standeth afraid  
Of a father strong and silent, yet knoweth his  
help shall come  
From thence if the wild beasts fright him, or  
robbers seek to his home.  
My sons, ye enquire of the Prophet. This sure  
word I bid ye to know,  
Mark well the way of the chosen, but seek not  
whither they go.  
Pause on their word and ponder though at times  
ye may not mark  
Their message. The eyes of the holy behold a  
light in the dark  
Of Tohu and Hinnom wherein their path hath  
been set to go



Through night. On their heads are ashes.  
Their garments are rent in woe.  
Lamentation is with them and terror, till the  
terror be overpast,  
For they grope after God in Tohu till they find  
Him and hold Him fast.  
I dwell not now on the thing which shall in this  
book be told,  
How hereafter dimly mine eyes should the Friend  
of the Lord behold.  
He sought not pleasure of greetings, or tables  
of wine and meat,  
Or to listen to mirth or music, or to sit in the  
highest seat,  
Or behold me in marriage garments : but set his  
feet in the way  
Of the Lord where'er he led him. This only  
therefore I say,  
That when we had left Pensauel, drawn nigh to  
the land of Gwent,  
He parted his ships from amongst us, and none  
knew whither he went  
With the sacred things of the Temple, and none  
may utter their tale,

For his sailors were men of Ham the last whom  
the Temple veil  
Shall leave in the dark ; and these that sailed on  
the western track  
With the Prophet passed into night, and ne'er  
out of night came back.  
Of the sacred things I know not. The Lord  
stays not to discern  
The place of His habitation, whereunto my sons  
shall yearn  
In the days that dawn hereafter ; but lo, ye  
have seen the Stone,  
The Stone of the Corner remaineth. It shall not  
be left alone,  
When Jacob knoweth his birthright therein shall  
his boasting lie,  
And in many lands and islands my seed shall  
have praise thereby.  
There was one beside the Prophet mine eyes  
were fain to have seen.  
The morn that I came to Crofinn, I watched for  
the cloak of green,  
And the strong straight bard that wore it, as one  
looks for a trusted friend

Amongst strangers. Perchance he guessed not.  
Perchance he might not attend.

- (2) On the morrow came Bres with Sri to lead me  
forth to the ring  
Wherein were the chiefs assembled to hear men  
cry for a king,  
But each man envied his fellow, and each with  
an angered mood  
Had answered the bards and aires that spake for  
the common good.  
My place was set me amongst them, a seat upon  
Jacob's Stone  
Drawn thither by two white heifers, and draped  
around as a throne  
With a golden cloth of Zidon. Now, as I was  
set thereon  
A cloud drew back in the sky and upon me the  
bright sun shone,  
So folk marvelled of me and this sunshine, and  
thus it was foolish talk  
That I held the sun at my bidding, setting paths  
for the clouds to walk

At my will, and I own I had joy, for I cast on  
the Lord my prayer  
In the night, and now in the day he had lightened  
my load of care.  
Now this same day was an high day, the topmost  
peak of the year  
Is the night that follows after, when angels and  
souls appear  
Unto many, yet here the druids had mingled its  
boons with harms,  
And setting their hearts on women delude them  
with evil charms.

- (3) A feast being set to Baal, his priests drew nigh  
ere the noon  
With a message brought from his altar that the  
king be appointed soon  
As this one day was propitious. The bow of  
their god they brought,  
That by this an arrow sent sunwards should  
name the king of his thought,  
So we all drew off a little to the banks and stood  
to see

How the highpriest bound his eyes, and drew the  
    bow from his knee  
Where he lay supine, and the shaft sped upwards  
    to seek the sun,  
But an East wind struck upon it ere the height of  
    its flight was won  
And bore it beyond the circle where it fell full  
    nigh to the ranks  
Of Balor, lord of the Islands, where he watched  
    with his men on the banks,  
And his firbolgs shouted for Balor, but the priests  
    were troubled thereby,  
For their spells were within the circle ; so another  
    quest of the sky  
Was made, and it touched the circle, where  
    nearly it struck down Bres  
In whom was a hope of Eriu that ever grew less  
    and less,  
For when Nuadh was maimed in battle, men held  
    that his strength was stayed  
From rule of the miledh of Dan, and a pact unto  
    Bres was made\*

\* For seven years.

That he should be named chief captain, if so he  
would save the land  
From fomorcs coming by sea, and chiefs of the  
scattered band  
Of firbolgs in Man and Arran, so this for that  
time was done.  
But he gathered Eriu's tribute, yet gave its gifts  
unto none,  
Neither called he feastings or music. His heart  
was empty and bare,  
Though the strength of his limbs, and his beauty  
of face, and his golden hair  
Snared foolish matrons and maidens. Yea, deep  
in his heart was guile,  
And women loved and men hated his presence  
throughout the isle.  
Now the arrow struck through his cloak, and  
pinned it unto the ring  
A handbreadth from Nuadh's high seat, and  
many acclaimed him king,  
That was chief of the miledh of Eriu; but the  
priests had marvel thereat  
If the shaft were within the circle. Moreover,  
the place where he sat

Was apart, and the shafts of Baal were counted  
not to the man  
But rather the beth of his ensign. Moreover,  
they loved not Dan,  
Of whom was his mother, and whom he spake for  
in Nuadh's room ;  
Whose hand was severed by Sreng the son of  
Sennchan, whose doom  
Thereafter the scribes have written. Now Dian-  
cecht, wisest in art,  
Had moulded a hand in clay wherefrom might be  
hurled a dart ;  
And Creidna, the cunning smith, in silver  
fashioned the same,  
So now the hand of Nuadh flashed with a starry  
flame  
As he rode amongst his miledh, and many that  
loved him well  
Swore that the seat of Nuadh was grazed when  
the arrow fell.

## CHAPTER XV

(1) *Sri, the son of Ezru, calleth for the bow of Sampson, which is given to Ethdan,\* son of Bethlam, who shooteth the first arrow unto the Stone of Jacob ; (2) A second arrow is shot, and findeth the seat of Eochaid Garbh Mac Duach ; (3) The sun betwixt the horns of Baal is smitten by the third arrow, and Sri, the son of Ezru, maketh a psalm thereon.*

(1) Now the priests and chiefs of the land debated a  
threefold choice

And a doubtful, striving greatly, till Sri with a  
mighty voice

Cried, till they heard. "Not yet is the curse of  
this kingdom stayed.

The sins we have sinned to Baal shall yet at our  
gates be laid.

His arrow hath pointed Bres, it hath fastened his  
garment's hem,

In the folds of his cloak shall Canaan set fires in  
the booths of Shem."

These things cried Sri the silent ere shaping his  
theme anew

\* Breasal Ethadan Mac Eochaid Bœthlaim—too long for verse.



He said "the arrows of Baal seek sunset or fall  
askew.

Seek we shafts that are truer. Is there not in  
our midst the bow

Of strength, the shafts of the mighty? Where  
Dan goeth to and fro

The bow of his judge is with him, It dwelleth  
amongst us here.

The merchants of Gath and Japho draw back at  
its name of fear.

Have we never a champion of Dan who may  
string its strength to his will?

Is the spirit of Sampson weak to speed the shafts  
of it still?"

Then Ethdan the son of Boethlam thrust through  
the ranks of Dan,

Of all the sons of the island this was the broadest  
man

Of shoulder and girth of limb, if somewhat slow  
of his feet.

He called for the bow of the mighty, and strain-  
ing back from my seat

He bent it. Mighty the string wherewith that  
bow must be strung,

A finger of sinew to armbreadth of yew, but at  
last it sprung  
To the cleft with a stroke like an axe when it  
strieth an oaken beam,  
Whilst the flesh upon Ethdan's arms sank like  
waves on a stream.  
Then swift to the circle's centre he sped him and  
laid him down,  
Setting his feet to the yew-mast. In a moment  
the shaft had flown  
Straight into air till we lost it, and then in a little  
space  
Straight out of heaven it descended like a beam  
of the sun on the place  
That was mine, the Stone of Israel, yet hurt not  
the Stone at all  
For the head's soft gold spread forth a sun at the  
arrow's fall  
On the greywhite pillar of Jacob ; and joy upon  
all men came  
When they saw the altar of Bethel alight with  
that golden flame :  
And the priests of the gods bowed down, and  
covered each man his face ;

.

And the chiefs of Eriu moved in wonder before  
that place ;

And little they spake, but set me thereon ; and  
lo, I had grace to speak

In their tongue, and my heart was great, though  
my voice was little and weak.

“Ye Chiefs of this island, hear me. The might  
of the Lord is known

In shadow, but light is rising, and grace to a  
handmaid shown

Who watched and prayed in the darkness. He  
leadeth her by His ford

To sit in a fair green pasture, with sheepfolds  
and oxen stored.

A shepherd was David my father. God gave  
him a charge to keep

Which he brake not, to feed His cattle and sever  
the goats from the sheep.

Me, that am David's daughter, he maketh a shep-  
herdess

Who amongst the sheep of Eriu shall know none  
greater or less.

The sun that descended hither shall be as a light  
divine

Whereby to search in your pastures, and know  
my sheep from the swine,  
For the unclean beast is with you." Then Sri  
that stood at my side,  
Passed up the banks and turning, to all the people  
he cried,  
"The Queen of the East hath spoken. Is there  
one her word to gainsay?  
Let him dwell with the swine, for God hath sent  
us a Queen this day."  
Then Tuirbhi the smith sprang forward to catch  
at Sri by the arm,  
But Sri smote straight upon him and wrought  
him a deed of harm,  
For he fell by the banks on his ankle, and his  
craftsmen bore him away,  
And his leeches bound him badly, and lame he  
went from that day.

- (2) Then Ethdan the son of Boethlam, cried "there  
were arrows three  
With the bow of strength, and the first hath  
sped; but I ask of ye

That be wise, shall I speed these others? The  
one hath a silver head,

But the other is somewhat crooked and beareth  
a bolt of lead."

Then the priests drew nigh giving counsel, and  
the most spake well of the thing,

So we left the plain as aforetime, and forth from  
the mighty string

The second shaft flew upwards until it was scarce  
discerned.

Like a star it glanced on the cloud, and then  
unto earth returned,

Smiting an oaken settle which no man had used  
that morn

But sideways lay on the ground, and grazed it,  
and cleft a horn

Of silver therein, and smote into earth, and a  
question rose

Of that seat but no man claimed it, its chieftain  
was not of those

That sat in that day's assembly, and pain sank  
into my heart

At that long carved cleft of silver, which stabbed  
with a sudden smart.

(3) Now Ethdan fitted again the crooked shaft to the  
bow

Which sped on a snake's path outwards, like a  
hawk when it striketh low

But swiftly above the gazers, till the pillar of  
Baal it found

And struck the gilded sun 'twixt the idol's horns  
to the ground,

Bearing it into mire in the place of the swine  
behind,

Wherein they lie to this day. If ye search, ye  
shall surely find.

Now when they beheld this token many priests of  
the idol fled.

Through revilings amidst the people, and tore  
their wreaths from their head,

Gashing the flesh of their bosoms, and hid them-  
selves ; but a few

Remained in the ring with Ethdan. Then Sri  
that was wise and true,

Though his knee had bended to Baal, cried out  
on the Lord for aid,

Forgiveness, counsel and blessing, and a psalm  
of repentance he made

Which the bards took up in chorus, singing it  
hither and fro

From the priests to the kneeling harpers, who  
sung to a music low.

“We walked in clouds of the night.—Our eyes  
are opened by Thee.

We look unto heaven and see.—Yea, we awaken  
to light.

Thou knowest our blindness, oh God.—Let thy  
forgiveness prevail.

Sorely our sin we bewail.—Let not thy spirit  
record.

We are troubled of heart in thy presence, oh God.  
—Yea troubled sore.

Thine angels vex us, thy saints abhor.—We are  
struck with Thy rod.

Thou sendest us consolation.—Therefore Most  
High we give praise.

Thou hast chosen a day of the days.—Thou  
sendest a queen to this nation.

Thou, Lord, art a righteous King.—Out of heaven  
thou givest favour.

Let our song be of sweet savour.—Lord, in Thy  
praise we sing.

## CHAPTER XVI

- (1) *The seat whereon the silver arrow had struck is known for the seat of Eochaid ; (2) Tephi resteth thereon when he cometh, and giveth her love unto him ; (3) the Queen taketh Eochaid as her husband ; (4) the spirit of prophecy cometh upon Sri the son of Eóru.*

- (1) Now even whilst they sung a cry rose round about  
The shrine of Baal, the commons made a mighty  
shout,  
Hauling at ropes and girdles till the lofty pillar  
crushed  
The turf, and for a breathspace the sound there-  
after hushed,  
But Baal avenged not aught, men seeking each a  
stone  
Wherewith to bury Baal, whose resting place is  
known  
Beside my house at Teamur. Then Sri and  
many more  
Gazed nearly on the furrow which the second  
arrow tore  
In the oaken seat, and Ethan who departed for a  
space



Drew thither, and one asked him was not this his  
chieftain's place,  
And on that question Ethan raised to mine a  
face of flame  
Till my brow was veiled before him finding  
searching prayer and shame  
In the gaze he set upon me ere he answered to  
them "Ay,  
This is Jochad's seat and hitherto my songs were  
heard thereby."  
Then Sri questioned further wherefore did the  
Heremon \* eschew  
To be with them on this high day, and the brow  
of Ethan grew  
Pale and red as he gave answer, "'Tis the third  
day since some cause  
Which I know not drew him homewards from  
Pen Edair." At his pause  
Fell my veil, and full upon him was my gaze, and  
well I knew  
That if truth he spoke, it shamed him in some  
thought not wholly true.

\* Chief of the landmen.

Though I spake not, he gave answer in a sudden  
word and swift,  
“Read his secret. Thou dost know it.” Then  
my veil I did uplift  
Once again, for blood ran tingling over breast  
and cheek and brow,  
And a spirit quickened in me which I had not  
known ere now,  
Some strange gladness half an anguish shook my  
bosom till I swayed  
Like to fall, but Sri upheld me and he set me in  
the shade  
Of the arched highseat of Jochad whereupon the  
arrow fell.

- (2) There I rested till a voice out of the distance  
seemed to swell  
Drawing nearer. “Jochad, Jochad,” but as in a  
trance I lay,  
And mine eyes were blind and misty, till a sudden  
golden ray  
Fell upon them with a sparkle and a light to  
overwhelm

Every mist. Grey eyes and fearless gazed be-  
neath a golden helm!  
So my soul's sun dawned upon me, and I rose  
up from my seat,  
Whilst the sun bowed down beneath me plucked  
a cendrige by my feet.  
White I stood as stands a statue when he touched  
the new plucked leaf  
To the withered at my girdle, kneeling still, but  
still the chief  
Of my stature, and the crescent which upon my  
brow had rest  
Was beneath the leaf he gathered when he set it  
in his crest.  
Stark he knelt in homage pleading to my crescent  
where I stood  
Icy cold, till some strange Summer thawed away  
my Winter mood.  
Weak I grew and blind and dizzy in that new-  
born Summer drouth,  
And my hands stayed on his shoulders, and my  
lips just passed his mouth,  
And a cry was all about us in the dancing shapes  
around

Moon and sun are met together, and this place is  
holy ground.

- (3) My bridegroom, my chosen, my strong one, in  
whom my soul had delight,  
My feet were by thine, my hand was in thine, as  
they led us to plight  
Our faith by the Stone. My heart was thy heart,  
My will was thy will,  
When Sri and the priests spake with us, and  
bade our souls to fulfil  
The vow of the lips by vow of the soul and swear  
with the Soul  
In sight of the people and priests and scribes  
that stood to record  
Our oath of faith with people and priests and  
chiefs as a pair  
That God made first in the land, to have it in  
heedful care  
And seek not ourselves but Eriu. The words of  
that sacred oath  
Were mine, but I know the Spirit of God had  
fallen on both

For his day of days, being joyous, thereat in a  
waking dream  
Wherein all faces and garments danced in one  
sunny stream  
Of eddying light, one only resting stalwart and  
tall,  
For though many great chiefs were round us he  
stood the first of them all.  
After that oath I stood calmer, and watched with  
a careful eye,  
When the oldest priest of Eriu set in the hands of Sri  
A vessel of alabaster that once in the Promised  
Land \*  
Was shapen and graved with the names of God by  
its maker's hand.  
Its oil had been pressed from the harvest of the  
garden o'er Kedron's brook  
Whereon mine eyes in childhood from my window  
were wont to look,  
Being perfumed with nard and cassia, most  
precious. Then Sri drew near  
To anoint me, but I stood up on my Stone, and  
said without fear :

\* Tir Tairngre.

On this stone I am set for ever. In Egypt  
anointed queen  
Of the Hebrews. My throne in Jesse hath come  
to these hills so green  
For a little space, ere it wander, but wheresoever  
it roam  
Jesse shall seek and find it until he come to his  
home  
In the City of David wherein his sons shall rule  
upon earth,  
When the house of the Lord be builded with  
praise and blessing and mirth.

- (3.) Then Sri, being moved, forbade that my husband's seat be with mine,  
And prophesied of us saying: "This shall be kept for thy line  
And for thee; but he that is by thee standeth on Eriu's sward.  
It is his by birth, and hereafter, this island shall name him lord  
Of its people to be their leader, and shape their counsel in war:

But thou art of Isaac's children the guide and the  
crescent star,  
Wherein thy children shall shine, till the full  
round circle shall beam  
Of that orb wherewith the moon at her first  
appearing doth teem.  
He that is chosen amongst us, He shall be great  
in thee,  
And thy sons that shall be after. Is not his lot  
to be  
A father of thrones and kingdoms? This is the  
name he shall bear.  
In the tongue of this people his title is Eochaidh  
Ollothair,  
Eocaid, Sire of the Great Ones ; these sons of the  
land which is great  
Magh Mor, or of Og, the holy, that they learn of  
their own estate,  
And yearn to the promise, and David bless them if  
this they know  
That holiness unto the Lord is their greatness  
wherein to grow.”  
Thus then spake Sri, whose silence to God was  
on all men's tongue,

For the mouths of them that knew him, since in  
Ezru's house he was young.  
Ezru that fled out of Ghor, \* when Asshur came  
with his bands,  
And ere he came unto Emain taught wisdom in  
many lands :  
But the mouth of his son was shut till his spirit,  
nurtured of prayer,  
Spake with the Spirit of God which worketh in  
stones and air,  
And whispers by reedy waters, and moves in the  
mountain's shade,  
And knoweth the inward parts, and wherefore  
man's soul is afraid.  
Now men marvelled much upon Sri, having  
feared him and called him wise  
And wary, but said that he feared neither spirit  
nor prophesies,  
Having taught as the scribes from rods, and the  
teachers from ancient rules,  
Being learned in many tongues, and chief of the  
poet's schools,

\* Fr. Gorius.



Fearless but scant of speech, and though wisdom  
dwelt with his word,  
To this day his voice was silent when men spake  
the praise of the Lord.  
I beheld the people's wonder, and looked upon  
Sri and knew  
The mantle I oft had seen, and his word as a  
prophet true.  
And was glad in the Lord as my helper, whose  
word should be held of me  
As his who had led me from Egypt and helped  
my paths in the sea.

## CHAPTER XVII

(1) *Maistiv,\* the sister of Eocaid greeteth Tephi, and telleth of her brother; (2) Eocaid speaketh of Ethan and Bres; (3) Ethan, the son of Becelmus maketh a song, whereat the heart of Tephi is softened towards him, beholding much good in the man.*

(1) Now soon my heart contracted, for a damsel  
stately and fair,  
Broad-browed, full-eyed, and gracious beneath  
the crown of her hair,

\* The exact relationship of Maistiv to Eocaid is somewhat doubtful; she may have been his aunt.

Large-limbed and nobly shapen, tall to a chieftain's  
height,  
Drew from the throngs before us, and now with  
a queenly right  
Took my bridegroom's head in her palms and  
kissed him upon the lips,  
Whilst cold went through me which passed from  
heart unto finger tips ;  
But my husband smiled, and said, " My queen,  
yet thy servant's bride,  
Behold the chief of thine handmaids, my sister  
Maistiv, whose pride  
Is Dan, Achaia and Eriu, who in her give fealty  
to thee  
Of the silver stem of Jesse, the golden flower of  
his tree."  
Thus shamed I my doubt with blushes, and we  
kissed, and were ever knit  
Though golden and dark, as sisters, unlike, yet  
never a whit  
Sundered in our unlikeness ; and Maistiv knelt  
at my side  
And told me that which gladdened my summer  
of heart at that tide.

But three days since as she wandered with one of  
her maidens near  
In the bowers of the woods by Mulach, thinking  
to have no fear  
Through the sacred days of assembly, lo, Bennan  
the son of Kain  
A foster servant of Balor's with seven men of his  
train  
Drew round her and led her with them ; but her  
maid that was nigh had seen  
From the hazel brake their doing, and slipped  
from the leafy screen  
To ride in haste to Pen Adair. Then, straightly  
upon her word  
Had Jochad taken his breastplate and girt him-  
self with his sword  
And leapt to his horse's saddle with three that he  
had thereby,  
Who galloped the trail she told of all day till the  
midnight sky  
Was sprinkled with stars, and came to the spot  
where Bennan stayed  
His course with the setting sun, and three of his  
train were laid

Before them upon their onset, and one as he fled  
away  
Was stung by an arrow, but Jochad sought  
not further to slay.  
Setting her safe on his horse, which weary, carried  
them back  
Unto Mulach, her house, but scanty of patience  
was he till their track  
Was westwards in haste to Crofinn, whereat  
much wonder had been,  
But now she wondered a sister had drawn him  
away from his queen.

- (2) "Ay, sister," said Jochad, "a wonder, and much  
had I longed to remain  
If I had not brother or friend, but much I dwelt  
on these twain,  
Ethan and Bres my brother. In these I might  
cast out fear  
Lest the queen lacked fitting service, or my watch  
of her light be near."  
Then he turned upon Bres and Ethan and held  
out a hand to each,

And the first grasped forth at the hand, but  
Ethan slipped 'neath its reach  
And knelt till it touched his head ere he kissed  
it with downcast face.  
Then smiled my husband in chiding, and raised  
him up in his place  
And kindly questioned his gaze, and said, "Is it  
well that thou  
The chiefest bard of Eriu to a yeoman of Eriu  
bow?  
Thou castest down and thou raisest up. Our  
glory in death  
Is left to the bards that fill our ghosts with un-  
dying breath  
To rehearse our deeds to our children. Oh poet,  
make us a lay  
As glad as this hour is joyous, upraised as our  
hearts this day."  
Then Ethan said, "My lord and my king, my  
spirit was dead and mute.  
I was cast in the mire till thy coming. I have  
broken the strings of my lute.  
I have sinned and done great evil, and how may  
thy servant sing?"

And my bridegroom frowned, but I took from  
my finger my golden ring  
Fired with a heart of ruby, and said, "If a poet  
know  
His evil, he eateth knowledge, and knoweth of  
good also.  
I give thee a bane of serpents. Take this as a  
charm to part  
Thy soul from venom, such magic is stored in  
my ruby heart."  
He set my gift to his lips, and never a harp he took  
But music out of their parting poured like a  
running brook  
As he sang the bridesong of Crofinn, glad as that  
hour was glad  
Are its words, and its fame is with him, but at  
whiles his eyes drooped sad  
On earth; then, lifting again, they brightened  
clear at my sight,  
And turned on my bridegroom also, and were  
honest and filled with light.

- (3)           What shall I sing thee,  
              My mistress, my queen?

What may I bring thee?  
Heart's blood I would wring thee  
    Were this not too mean.  
Thou hast bid me to sing  
    My master, my lord.  
From thy servant, oh, king,  
Take this, the queen's ring,  
    It is all of my hoard.  
This ring had its heart  
    Of the Lord, the Most High.  
By its magic of art  
It shall throne thee apart  
    In the midst of the sky.  
Thy place under heaven  
    Is near by her seat,  
From dawn unto even  
Thy foeman forgiven  
    Shall kneel at thy feet.  
The Lord, the Bestower,  
    Gives gladness to thee.  
Betwixt higher and lower,  
    He builds thee, His tower,  
    For this isle of the sea,  
Whose lowly shall love thee,

Whose lofty bow down,  
Whose priesthood approve thee,  
Yet this gem set above thee  
    Shall be thy renown.  
To thine honour give heed  
    And thy manhood with man,  
Being noble in deed  
Being chosen in seed  
    Being princely with Dan.  
Yet the light of thine eye  
    Thy knowledge, thy truth,  
Are faint in the sky  
When thy moon rideth high  
    O'er the bosom of youth.  
The magic she maketh  
    Is silvern and pure.  
From the heart that she breaketh  
A spirit awaketh  
    With strength to endure.  
Receive this, my king,  
    With sweet spirits well stored.  
The queen's heart, her ring,  
Save the lays that I sing  
    It is all of my hoard.



- (4) We heard, and Jochad rejoicing, gave him his  
finger ring  
Golden, with fair bright pearls such as men of  
the Sgiath bring  
To our north coast; yea, and I gave him no  
jewel or golden gem  
But the olive twig my fingers had plucked  
by Jerusalem  
To keep my heart in remembrance. So fled  
the cloudlet away  
That in all the light of Summer had shadowed  
my joy that day.  
Then the priests went desiul \* round us thrice,  
and chanted a charm  
To stay our steps by each other, and fence us  
from outer harm,  
But I know that we needed naught in our circle  
of hearts complete.  
So went we in to the feast, where I sat in the  
highest seat  
Betwixt my husband and Maistai; and Ethan  
sang to the guests,  
And Sri gave blessing upon us before we went  
to our rests.

\* Sunwise.

## CHAPTER XVIII

(1) *Balor the descendant of Neith goeth homewards angry ; (2)*  
*Tephi sitteth in judgment ; (3) Cairbre the son of Etain*  
*maketh a song against Bres the son of Elatha.*

(1) At the dawn we heard how Balor of the western  
islands had fled  
By the slope of the chariots homeward. I had  
heard his horse's tread  
And his wheels of iron ere dawn, and marvelled  
of what might move  
With that sound and quaked in the dark, but  
the bridegroom spake words of love  
Which builded my heart in strength, and spake  
of those things that I  
Might work in this land of the ocean, if the God  
of my sires was nigh  
Unto me as to Moses in Egypt. And thus in  
this far off strand  
My heart might be cheered within me with sight  
of the Promised Land.\*  
He had heard the songs of Zion, and the common  
folk in prayer,

\* Tir Tairngre.

Named its name as a charm, and knelt with their  
faces there,  
Not sunwise as the priests did ; and his spirit was  
sorely grieved  
When I told him of Zion's fall, and greatly his  
heart believed  
In the Lord, and he prayed that idols might  
forth from our land be cast,  
And joy return to Moriah, and its sorrow be  
overpast.

- (2) When we went from our booth at the morn, I  
was led to a little hill \*  
By the banks, whereon was my seat ; that before  
the people, my will  
Might be seen and known of many, and Eriu  
learn my word.  
Which Sri, son of Eschmun the scribe was set  
by me to record,  
With Aci, son of Alghuba, as herald to shout my  
choice,  
Or proclaim my goings before me ; for his was a  
mighty voice.

\* The royal hill of the judgments at Tara.

In warfare or peace, save Ethan, was no man  
broader than he,  
And these twain I set together for truth and  
service to me,  
With En, and with Sri, and with Ogma, my  
husband's champion and friend,  
My almost brother, for these were faithful unto  
the end,  
And helpful in my beginning ; also Nuadh, the  
brave old man,  
Who all the days of his youth was chief of the  
host of Dan,  
And led the miledh of Eriu, ere his hand was  
smitten in fight ;  
Being first to kneel at my feet ; and that old  
man's eyes were bright  
And his strength not yet abated. He spake as a  
man of war,  
That his knees were stiffened with age before  
men, but queens led far  
And their followers never wearied ; so, smiling, I  
give him thanks  
For himself and his band of Dannites, and a  
cheer went up from their ranks.

Many a chief came after, and Crimthann came  
with the rest,  
And Bres, and my husband also. It irked me  
much that his quest  
Was to sit in my sight before me, yet ill example  
had been,  
If one alone unquestioned might break the state  
of the Queen  
Being set in judgment on all men. Full soon  
my judgments began,  
For a chieftain of Crimthann's came with claims  
on a husbandman  
Whose few sheep wandered astray, and ate three  
days of his land  
Ere the aire found them. Then Crimthann  
standing forth from his band  
Claimed the sheep for the grass ; but I said "the  
flock and the field  
Have titles, but know ye not that each hath its  
proper yield,  
Take ye three fleeces then, but leave the aire his  
sheep." \*

\* This judgment belongs of right to Cormac Mac Art.

Then e'en Crimthann laughed aloud, and sware  
that my laws were deep,  
And fleeces should go for the grass. So Aci  
shouted aloud  
This judgment, and praise and laughter arose in  
the mingled crowd.

- (3) Then a weighty matter beset me whereat I was  
ill at ease,  
Baring my thought unto God, yea, even as on  
my kees.  
A bard of the land stood forward, and bidding  
the chiefs regard  
His song, he chanted "the rights and due re-  
wards of a bard,"  
And rehearsed "the rights and duties and proper  
state of a chief,"  
And then "the customs of Eriu in all that re-  
gards a thief.  
And the shames that await a niggard." Lastly he  
spake the grief  
Of Eriu in yielding tributes to save her shores  
from her foes

Without, and within her taxings, and her burden  
of heavy woes  
From the chief's fierce guards and firbolgs. "Our  
miledh" he sang "we keep  
As sheep-dogs to guard our pasture, neither  
sheep to feed with the sheep,  
Nor mongrels with cheftain's mongrels who snap  
at the lambs in fold.  
But these watch-dogs bark in the sun, or snap  
upon flies, grown old,  
But Bres, their leader is watchful, he setteth his  
ships by the beach.  
His jaws are ever open, he sucketh the tax like a  
leech.  
He storeth gold in his chamber, even in every  
house  
Of Bres is a treasure chamber, but therein never  
a mouse,  
For the tables of Bres are empty. I passed by  
a house of Bres  
Who sat in a broidered garment, and toyed in  
his wantonness  
Amongst the locks of his damsels. His arms  
were laden with rings

Of Eriu's gold. Then sang I his wealth, and  
the mighty things  
That he wrought in fight with the Firbolgs ; after  
Edlai and Turild were slain ;  
And Nuadh wounded of Sreng might hardly the  
fight maintain,  
How he slew Mac Erc, and drove the Firbolgs,  
and compassed about  
Strong Sreng, till he gave him pledges. This  
land hath never in doubt  
The strength or beauty of Bres. By land and by  
sea we know  
Men fear him and women love him. Why then  
is his glory low ?

Save unto foolish maidens the welcome of Bres  
is cold.  
Save for his own attiring the garments of Bres  
are old.  
Save on his shipmen's armour he spendeth little  
of gold.

At his door is a couch of purple. His guest is  
set on the sward,



At his door the blind and the lame unto prayer  
find scant reward.

On his door are bars of iron wherewith he  
guardeth his hoard.

In his house is neither music nor laughter nor  
sound of feast.

In his house a fierce hound snarleth but never  
another beast.

In his house is neither aire, nor chieftain, nor  
scribe, nor priest.

On his hearth is one small fire, it roasteth a little  
food.

By his hearth a stout wench turns it, and the  
smell of the meat is good.

By his hearth one trencher is warm though he  
burneth but little wood.

In his cave are rusty cauldrons that his mother  
once filled with ale.

In his cave are rotting meadvats, for his bees and  
his honey fail.

In his cave is a broken pitcher, and the whey in  
that pitcher stale.

In his closet are wines of Chittim which even as  
rubies shine.

In his closet wine of Tarshish like molten gold of  
the mine.

In his closet are precious vessels, and one was  
brimming with wine.

For the bard a fragment of bone ! For the bard  
the pitcher of whey !

For the bard a seat on a stone ! For the bard a  
hovel of clay !

From the bard sour whey, picked bone, cold  
stone, for a prince this day !! \*

\* The above, though not a translation, reflects pretty accurately the spirit of the song of Cairbre Mac Etain against Eochu Bres Mac Elatha upon this important occasion. It is reputed to be the first satire uttered in Erin ; and if so, is good for a beginner. The portion not in triplets is inserted as a convenient introduction to the previous record of the niggardly Alcibiades of the Tuatha de Danan, to whom he belonged on the mother's side. Elatha his father was not a Dannite, but a sea-king, probably in the first instance from the Spanish Bregia, and afterwards settled in Britain. For my present purpose, as I have represented him as looking to the gathering of the scattered tribes, I must consider him as a Simeonite or Gaddite by descent.

## CHAPTER XIX

*Of the deposition of Bres the son of Elatha as leader of the host,  
and the appointment of Nuadh of the Silver Hand in his  
stead.*

Now cast I mine eyes towards Jochad who  
    hearkened to Cairbre's song  
In sorrow, for greatly he loved his fellow that did  
    this wrong,  
And therefore answered me not, nor spake when  
    voices arose  
Crying for him and Nuadh. Then watching these  
    matters close  
My God gave help. Though I yearned that  
    Jochad might lead, I knew  
His will was not to the spear, and only with need  
    he drew  
The sword from its sheath in battle. Moreover,  
    meseemed that I  
Was little advised of these things, lacking strength  
    to descry  
Wherein I might choose ; and therefore I watched  
    long time their debate,

Till it rose in stormwinds of fury and howled in  
    tempests of hate.  
Then shook I the chain of silence,\* bidding Aci  
    proclaim my peace ;  
And he with a voice of thunder compelled their  
    strivings to cease,  
And aiding the son of Eschmun set forth stones  
    on the ground,  
Whereon the names of the captains of all the  
    hundreds were found ;  
Yet Jochad's was set not with them, and this was  
    done by my will ;  
For Jochad answered my glance with a brow un-  
    troubled and still.  
Then the throng passed by before me, and each  
    man carried a stone,  
Laying it as I ordered, but choice was with him  
    alone  
Of the wand whereby he should cast it. The  
    heap about Nuadh grew  
Till it capped the name which was written, but  
    the castings for Bres were few,

\* Hung by the side of the monarchs, and probably ornamented with small bells.

And Ogma Ethdan and Aci had each a mound to  
his name,  
And stones were given by some unto champions  
of lesser fame ;  
But Crimthann plucked forth his staff, nor would  
he cast his stone,  
Saying he loved not to lead another band than  
his own ;  
And Balor's men were away ; therefore his lot  
was bare,  
And the Breogan down in the South in that  
council had scorned to share,  
Saying they held their coasts, and payed neither  
tax nor tythe,  
Having armour and spears for all men, and hoping  
therewith to thrive ;  
So their princes came not to Crofinn. Little  
need was to count  
The stones, but the son of Eschmun reckoned a  
sure amount,  
Four hundred and six unto Nuadh, to Bres but  
fifty and three.  
Then darkness fell upon Bres, and fiercely he  
cried on me

“Thou shalt dearly rue thy castings,” and in  
answer I was not slack.

“The queen casts lots for no man.” But the  
cloud hung heavy and black

As he turned to his booth and left us, and Jochad  
my husband went

And reasoned therein, but left him in silence and  
ill content,

And that night he rode to Pen Edair ; and this  
was beginning of all

The strife that arose thereafter, and of many a  
brave man’s fall.

Yet my soul rejoiced over Nuadh, to witness the  
patient man

Who braved wounds and neglect in silence ride  
forth at head of his clan,

Waving his keen bright spear aloft in one shining  
hand,

And bearing high in the other the mace of his old  
command

Amidst the shouts of the miledh ; and he rode  
by my seat to cry

“O, queen, we are thine for ever. We die in thy  
name, Tephi.”

Then my heart rose up as a queen's, and I spake,  
    "Nay, not with the rod,  
Or the spear will I rule this island, but reign in  
    the strength of God."  
Oh, mad are my people's shoutings. Their hearts  
    are carried away.  
In love of my folk thenceforward I travail both  
    night and day.

## CHAPTER XX

(1) *Tephi goeth to the North to behold her land, and Ethan parting from her train is taken captive by Tethra and certain firbolgs that are with him ; (2) Jochad goeth to seek him, and leadeth him back to their company.\**

(1) WHEN the days of assembly ended, we went unto  
    fair Emain  
Where Nuadh entertained us, and so by river and  
    plain  
Through the North. A hundred chosen men as  
    our guards he sent,

\* This episode took place later, after the battle of Magh Tuireadh, and Lugaid the son of Ith was Eocaid's companion in the rescue of Ethan, otherwise spoken of as Abchan, or Uaithne, from Tethra and his rough followers. But I have killed Ethan in the battle.

And fifty warriors of Dan, who with helms to  
their horsemanes bent  
And sharp stiff spears before, were strongest  
arrows of fight,  
For the steeds that were under these sped each  
like a shaft in flight.  
Then turned we again towards Mulach where  
Maistiu would have us stay ;  
But e'en as we went from the North a little space  
on our way  
A thing befell which was evil, and showed the  
wrongs of my land,  
For Tethra the fomorc champion lurked with a  
savage band  
Of firbolgs in hills by the sea, and nought were  
we told of this  
For the coastmen helped the fomorcs, though  
knowing the farms should miss  
Many sheep and oxen and swine. Now Ethan,  
going apart  
To assuage his soul with silence in some sudden  
blackness of heart,  
Which ofttimes came upon him and drove him  
forth to the field,



By these firbolgs was carried captive. Sore was  
    he loath to yield,  
But swordless and lone on the mountain ; and all  
    of us angered sore  
At that word. Then bade I our miledh to search  
    the hills and restore  
Our bard to our train ; but Jochad ever wary and  
    brave  
Said “ nay, yon hills and their quagmires should  
    be many a miledh’s grave  
Hunting these goats amongst them. These  
    shaggy firbolgs will hide,  
Each with his pouch of stones at his waist on the  
    mountain side,  
Where the horsemen may not seek him, and the  
    footman climbeth aloft  
Till he comes to some mossgreen hollow where  
    the footing is foul and soft.  
Then cometh a stone from a crag, and its hurler  
    creepeth away,  
Whilst the miledh if he be scatheless is stayed by  
    water and clay.  
Myself shall seek after Ethan.” Then cried I  
    against him ; but, still

Yet strongly, of right he spake. At the last, I  
gave him my will  
That he went, though my heart was heavy. In a  
mantle of green went he,  
Barefoot with his harp before him, and his garments scarce to his knee  
As a harper goeth unarmoured, and therefore unhurt of men,  
Alone in the heart of the mountains to seek these  
wolves in their den.

- (2) Now Jochad had skill of their customs, and knew  
their wont was to feast  
On the stolen mountain cattle, and sleep like the  
savage beast  
'Neath the sky, but had meat in plenty, and song  
was sweet in their ear ;  
And if these had taken Ethan, it was that they  
longed to hear  
The magic of Ethan's singing, but Ethan was  
wroth and stayed  
Both his tongue and harp, and sware no music of  
his should be played

Before swine ; thus the men were angry, and  
surely had sold him forth  
To go as a slave with Tethra to serve some chief  
of the North.  
Now their track was followed by Jochad till he  
came to a pasture wild  
Where Tethra was with the firbolgs, both man  
and woman and child,  
And they set their meats before him, and soon  
he arose to play,  
Playing the gentraith swiftly till their heels were  
frolic and gay,  
And they drank and danced to the gentraith till  
after the sun was set.  
Then he changed the string of his playing, and  
the wildmen's eyes were wet  
At the plaintive sorrow of goltraiths, most mourn-  
ful his harp and slow  
Whilst he chanted the dirge of Clidna and many a  
tale of woe  
Till the eyes of them all grew heavy, and further  
they might not weep,  
So low he murmured the swantraith and soothed  
their souls into sleep ;

Then gently playing he stirred, and murmuring  
still, untied  
The bonds of Ethan and left them, and played  
down the valley side  
Till swift on the moor they departed, and came  
to us ere the morn,  
Ethan silent and shamed, but like a thrush from  
the thorn  
Was the homeward whistle of Jochad. Now all  
the hours of the night  
I had sorrowed upon and blamed them, but an  
hour ere dawning of light  
I heard the whistle of Jochad, and stood in the  
door of my tent  
And railed at my early waking, till Ethan followed  
my bent  
And we three had mirth together. Then said  
Ethan, "Queen, mistress mine,  
Ye be like and unlike together, but in likeness ye  
are divine,  
And holy in all unlikeness: Being pure, ye are  
merry of heart.  
Ye are both too proud and humble of one that  
lacks soul to depart ;

Who is proud where ye are humble, and humbled  
where ye are proud,  
And pardoned, lacks grace to crawl as a worm for  
a grace allowed."

## CHAPTER XXI

(1) *Tephi cometh to Mulach,\* and seeth there the evil wrought by Grisbane, the daughter of Richis upon Maistiu, and the slaying of her thereafter ; (2) She telleth the state of Maistiu in the blindness which hath fallen upon her by Grisbane, the Canaanitish woman.*

(1) So came we to Maistiu to Mullagh. She made us a merry cheer.

Her brow was open and happy. Her eyes were  
steadfast and clear,

Yet often they fell upon Ethan, and as she sat by  
her warp †

With her needle painting blossoms she loved the  
voice of the harp

On the flowery banks beside her. This thing in  
mine eyes seemed good,

\* Mulach, now Mullaghmast, *i.e.*, the wood of Maistiu.

† Maistiu was the best embroideress of Eriu, and the first who embroidered a cross upon a garment for Angus, Tephi's second son.

For many spirits had Ethan, and his was a noble  
blood  
Of the princes of Dan, yet lower ; whilst Maistiu  
lofty and pure  
Was a queen to rule all spirits of man from a  
height secure :  
But there came a guest unto Maistiu, a Canaanite  
from the South,  
Grisbane, daughter of Richis. A poppy bloomed  
in her mouth,  
Her eyes danced sapphire sparkles. A baal-fire  
gleamed in her hair  
Of ruby and gold and amber, for the woman was  
very fair,  
Skilled in the twisting of tiars or stringing gems  
for the neck,  
And her own was white as hawthorn. On her  
snowy arms no speck  
Was discerned on their round whiteness ; but evil  
of heart was she,  
And skilled in unholy cunning, knowing the fruit  
of the tree  
Which is harmful, and herbs that are deadly, and  
fashioning charms thereof

To slay the spirit of man or kindle his soul to  
love.

Long time was this witch betrothed unto Bennan  
the son of Kain,\*

But chose for her sport to tarry, and still unwed to  
remain,

Casting her nets on champions. Upon Ethan  
now was her cast,

With spells to draw him beside her. Therefore  
it pleased her at last

To send him a tryst in the beechwood; yet, I  
know not if he were weak

And minded to Grisbane's kisses, but she doubted  
not he would seek

Her tryst, and herself went thither. Now chanced  
it by luckless hap

I was weary within that even, and cast my shreds  
from my lap

Whereon had been Maistiu's lessons, and called  
her forth to the wood

\* I have taken a license here. Bennan does not enter this tale at all, whilst the man beloved of Maistiu and Grisbane with such tragic results was Daire, son of Eocho Taebfhada, for whom I have no use elsewhere.

Where she walked in her height beside me until  
in a path we stood  
Of soft grass amidst the hazels. There I was  
minded to stay  
Whilst Maistiu plucking the filberts slowly went  
on her way  
Down the green glade before me most lovely and  
tall and fair,  
With all the flame of the sunset alight in her  
golden hair,  
When I hear a voice beside her, "My love thou  
art come full late,"  
Then a sudden cry and a speech upraised in  
anger and hate,  
"He sends Bennan's leman to mock me, but  
ne'er shalt thou mock again.  
Who mocketh at Richis' daughter hath blindness,  
foulness and pain."  
Then one screamed, and I ran in terror, and low  
on the mossy ground  
Lay Maistiu, lay my sister, but blemish of blood  
was not found  
Upon her, though deathly anguish furrowed the  
broad white brow



And a darkened juice oozed slowly 'twixt the  
close-shut lids below  
Wherewith the skin was purpled. So sank I down  
at the spot  
Deeming her slain, but she moved and said to  
me, "Touch me not  
Lest the poison work upon thee. Bring water,"  
she whispered low,  
And my mind flew swift in circles, debating  
hither and fro  
To stay or leave her defenceless, but quickly I  
kissed her lips,  
And praying quitted her side, to slip as a fawn  
that slips  
Through the brake till I found the open, and  
chanced upon Ethan near,  
Who [free and glad at a mark was tossing his  
hunting spear.  
Swiftly I told our hap and returned. As a hound  
that flees  
At the stag, sped Ethan for water, and found us,  
and on his knees  
He bathed the poison from Maistiu in silence.  
A woman's skill

Was in the fingers of Ethan, yet I feared that the  
hurt should kill,  
For Maistiu spake not and stirred not, nor might  
we move her to quaff  
From the vessel of clear spring water. Then  
was a mocking laugh  
Beside us. "Never again shall thy leman behold  
the day,  
Or smile in thy smiles for ever. Too skilled was  
my mother's way  
Of mixing her charms to fail me." Then Ethan  
rose to his feet  
Raising the pitcher aloft, and hurled it down till  
it beat  
Full on the face of Grisbane, surely a weight like  
lead,  
At his knee she kneeled and stumbled. At his  
feet she fell down dead.

- (2) Yes, blind, ever blind thereafter, unto the end of  
her days,  
Yet cheerful therewithal winning great affection  
and praise.  
Where she might not broider her flowers she practised  
a cunning craft

Of her own with a fish-hook straightened, and  
    raised up her face and laughed  
When I praised her taste in the colours. My  
    children loved her and clung  
Round her knees for kisses and stories. Many  
    tears both of old and young  
Water the flowers o'er Maistiu.—Of Ethan an  
    eric fine  
Was claimed by Richis of Breogan, a merchant  
    who drew forth wine  
And armour and vessels from Tarshish ; but  
    message I sent him back  
That Grisbane had sought her slaying, and well  
    for her none was slack  
To answer such woman's prayer which saved her-  
    self from the stake ;  
For scarce had I pardoned Grishane even for  
    Maistiu's sake,  
Who prayed me towards softer answer. Our  
    Ethan was soft with her  
And gentle to all her teachings, but he brooked  
    not any spur,  
Scarcely my touch thereafter, oft hiding himself  
    afar,

At times returning with songs which stirred up  
men's hearts to war,  
At times returning with dirges he sang with a  
face like death,  
At whiles with riddles the priesthood debated  
with angry breath.  
Much did my heart lean towards him. Were I  
not set as queen  
With Jochad my love, by Maistiu my chosen  
portion had been  
When I saw him lying before her with the dew  
of grief in his eye.  
And the Lord that knoweth the heart, hereafter  
shall tell me why.

## CHAPTER XXII

(1) *Bres seeking aid of Elatha and finding it not, sendeth unto Balor lord of the isles, and to the provinces of the north and the firbolgs. Crimthann undertakes to guard the western shore. Confusion is in the land and counsel undecided.*

(1) Now came ill tidings to Mulach, for Bres in  
Elatha's hall  
Sought aid, but his father heard him and helped  
not his son at all,

Beholding his firstborn angered, yet causeless in  
ill content.

For Bres came unto his presence, and thus their  
discourses went.

Said Elatha, "Welcome, oh Bres, but wherefore  
now art thou come

When charge of the miledhs of Eriu forbiddeth  
thee long to roam." \*

"I have left them, I plundered their gold, and  
now in the mire they rout

In fury and hunger for roots, and are fain to cast  
me out."

"My son, the good of a man is naught by the  
good of a land."

"I have sucked the fruit of the soil, but fain  
again would I stand

On the necks of the men I hated, and set their  
houses to flame."

"My son, thou speakest before me the words of  
an open shame,

Be sure of this, that a kingdom never again shall  
plight

\* This conversation still exists.

To an unjust seeker the faith betrayed of one  
that had right."

So Bres flung out from his father and hurried  
into the north

And gathered the barks of the fomorcs that  
through all the islands go forth,

And summoned the Sgiath and Galls, and sent  
forth men to the west

Unto Balor, Indech and Bennan, with gold to  
help in the quest

Of their coastmen hillmen and fomorcs. These  
promised him certain aid,

And Corrgen only of Ailech refused the askings  
he made.

Crimthann answered him not, as always his  
custom had been

Unto men, but sent me a script wherein he  
named me as queen,

And wrote, "Thou hast builded a throne if its  
base be the noble's will,

But mind thee that over his serfs the Chief is the  
chieftain still.

Bid me to fight with a chief, I will answer then  
at thy call.

But I wrestle not with my swineherds, nor throw  
with cooks for a fall."

So I sent him a message back, "To the queen is  
thy word made plain,

And she biddeth thee keep thy house against  
king-thieves of the main,

Which is no ill service to Eriu, nor unbefitting a  
chief."

Then came a captain of his from his keep with  
an answer brief,

"I obey," and Jochad approved me ; but chiefly  
he set his care

On Bregia. Before this day the Breogan had  
little share

In the deeds of the regions northwards. Strong  
were their men and tall,

Their weapons mighty and many, their cashels  
fenced with a wall,

Whilst their traders rich within them drew to-  
gether as one.

Now Jochad feared that in Grsibane the hope of  
their peace was gone.

If their spears were against us Nuadh should be  
but a feeble strength ;

Therefore we called him from Emain and heard  
these matters at length ;  
And he spake of his miledh unpaid, save his own  
band the most were lax  
To practice, and many escaped ; whilst Bres had  
handled the tax  
Witholding their food and armour, and now few  
taxes were paid  
For the miledh, but many to Baal, the people  
waxing afraid  
At cursings of priests, and rumours of war ; yet  
the tax of gold  
Was paid to the fomorcs, but failed their thievish  
vessels to hold.  
These had harried the coast of the north, and  
pillaged the island of Mod.  
Where they burned the house of Ogma, and beat  
his men with a rod,  
Whilst they set them to bind his timbers fair into  
many a raft,  
And bore them away to Lochlann each at the  
heels of his craft.  
Nuadh, though fieryhearted, told us no braggart's  
lies.



He longed as a steed for battle, but yet was wary  
and wise.

Braggarts came thither to us, and most of the  
common folk

And farmers believed that I by spells might  
lighten their yoke.

I know that the Lord is mighty with little or  
great to find

An aid, but as queen mine office was all my  
people to bind

In one, not kindle their strifes; so leaned I on  
Nuadh's word

And on Sri and my husband Jochad, and sware  
I would lift no sword

If other resource there might be. Much weighty  
discourse we had.

The land being vexed with tumult, the hearts of  
the rulers bad.

Now mostly we feared that Breogan might set  
themselves to our harm,

Then said I before them all, "I have neither  
spells nor a charm

To blast like the witches of Breogan; yet ye have  
heard the fall

Of Ai. If God be with us, the shields of the  
 coastmen's wall  
 Shall fail at my word. Then Jochad and Sri  
 beheld me and saw  
 How my heart had hidden purpose, and my will  
 unto these was law.

## CHAPTER XXIII

(1) *Dala scorneth in the gate of Mulach, and is discomfited by Ethan ; (2) Tephi goeth to his relief, and meeteth Lugaid the son of Ith of the Breogan, who was come out against her ; (3) she leadeth Lugaid unto her husband, having the most part of the Breogan with her.*

(1) NEXT morn departed Nuadh to summon the  
 chiefs of the host  
 To Emain, and nigh to our gate came a heathen  
 bard with a boast  
 How Balor was drawn unto Bres, and those  
 would make me a feast  
 Unto every unclean bird and to every noisome  
 beast ;  
 And my miledh were little to peck at though few  
 should be left alive

“The horses of Balor a thousand, his chariots one  
hundred and five,  
The men of his hills five thousand, four from his  
septs in the plain.  
Of the miledh of Bregin three thousand draw  
nigh from the southern main,  
And Crimthann shall be behind thee with the  
war-wolves of Pen Edair  
That are never slack to their hunting. Yea,  
surely they shall not spare.”  
Now, save that fighting in battle a bard is sacred  
of men,  
Surely an arrow had sped from our fences and  
slain him then,  
But Ethan was angered, and ran from the watch-  
gate, and cried his name,  
“Ho Dala, called son of Cliath,\* that knows  
not his mother’s shame,  
Called also son of the swineherd, called also son  
of the groom,  
It seems in Carnamatirech † thou findest but  
little room.

\* A harper of the 3rd rank.

† The fort of the wolves. Still in fair preservation.

Outcast by Bennan the swine, Nay, that is a  
wrong indeed.

Though he rout thee away from his trough, I  
fling thee food for the need

Of thy mouth, three mouths in gaping ; of thy  
teeth ill ordered but great,

That thy paunch which sags before thee may rise  
up in high estate.

May it fill thy hunger, oh Dala, and stay the  
edge of that note

Of famine above the hoarseness of crows which  
dwells in thy throat

When thou singest the praise of Bennan."  
Therewith an apple he sped

Large but of early Summer, and smote the mouth  
in the head

Of Dala, the son of Cliath, and brake the half of  
his teeth

Parting his jaws asunder, whilst blood ran stream-  
ing beneath.

He might not answer to Ethan, but staggering,  
turned him back

And shamed by scorn of our grooms with totter-  
ing limbs and slack

Passed down the path to the meadows. I heard  
the sound of their cheer,  
And leaving my maidens alone, to the guard at  
our gate drew near,  
And beholding him driven away, enquired of  
wherefore he went,  
And saw him fall on his face as he drew to a  
broad-stretched tent  
Some stranger had pitched there at morn, but  
none came forth to his aid ;  
So I took a vessel of water, and ran, and was not  
afraid.  
Then Ethan and Sri ran after, but I waved them  
back from the field,  
And came on its sward to Dala, and down by his  
corse I kneeled,  
And brake the fruit from his jaws, and cleansed  
them of blood, and poured  
A wine of the South therein that was given by  
Ith the lord  
Of Tarshish, sunlight and honey. Then after a  
space he woke,  
But his eyes were troubled and weary and never  
a word he spoke.

- (2) Still bathed I his front with water when I guessed  
    behind me the tread  
Of one that came from that tent, so pausing I  
    raised my head  
And saw one mighty of stature, the plates of  
    whose greaves were gilt,  
The sheath of whose sword shone rubies, and  
    hung from a golden hilt,  
The breadth of whose breast was spacious, and  
    scaled with an armour of gold,  
Dark bearded, yet white and ruddy, with features  
    of princely mould ;  
And he spake, " Do elves of Eriu go forth in her  
    fields by day  
To work their charms, and draw the soul from  
    the lips and slay ?  
So would I be slain if thou willest, but what is  
    that potent charm  
Wherewith thou hast restored him ? Wouldst  
    thou work him a further harm ? "  
Then smiling I said, " No charm, but wine I  
    poured in his mouth  
To help him out of his swoon. In vines of the  
    warmer South

Was it grown of the best of the land, for in  
Gadesh the men of Ith  
The lord of Breogan and Eber have vines and  
are rich therewith."  
Then that mighty chief was stirred, and took my  
phial to his hand  
And said, "Yea, this is of Gadesh, what knowest  
thou of that land,  
If woman not spirit thou art? for never such  
sight, I ween,  
Before the tent of Lugaid as thee and thy garb  
was seen."  
Then joyous I said, "Oh Lugaid, art thou the  
son of the soul  
Of him that named me his daughter, who, brook-  
ing no chief's control,  
Went out with thine own five vessels to seek thee  
a home, and build  
Thee a house wherein to rule. Thy father heard  
thou wast killed  
On the seas, and mourned, and told me thy tale.  
Why then art thou here?  
I was but his child by choice; but thou his true  
son shouldst cheer

The eyes and ears of his age." "If thou art my  
sister," he said,

"I seem to hear and see the voice of one that is  
dead,

My mother, but set that by. I am here to speak  
with the folk

Whom Jochad brings from the middens and  
hovels and stables and yoke,

To find there some champion. I sailed upon  
many seas till I found

A people of Breogan. There, I drew my ships  
to the ground

To reign as a prince amongst them, and though I  
love not the chiefs

Of the inland clans, they are fellows. I share not  
a bard's beliefs

That men be equal, and seek to see if my equal  
they find

In Ogma, or Ethdan, slaves of the fomorcs time  
out of mind,

Or in Jochad, strong though men speak him, or  
perchance in one of his serfs

That dips in his chief's own basin a paw well  
dyed in the turfs.



Thus sped I before my Breogan, and now wilt  
    thou pass with me  
If thy sick man be helped, with my challenge ;  
    and soon forsooth thou shalt see  
And praise thy brother as victor." Then seeing  
    that Dala rose  
And departed, I went with Lugaid, and spake at  
    his arm drawn close,  
Towards the ditch we digged on the hilltop, and  
    when Ethan and Sri would lay  
Themselves in our path, I raised my hand till  
    they went away.  
Then Lugaid raised up his voice and shouted,  
    " Oh, heremon,  
Called from thy farmer folk, wouldst thou speak  
    with a chief alone ?  
Some call thee a sheep-dog only, some speak thee  
    a clumsy bear. \*  
I fain would know thee a lion, if not, flee forth  
    as a hare  
From Lugaid, whose spear is mighty ; from  
    Lugaid, whose miledh shall stand

\* *Garbh*, the rugged.

As a wall of brass before thee, and break the  
strength of thy band  
Ere it fall to the wolves of Balor, the swine of the  
central plain  
And the mountain bulls that bellow with Bennan  
the son of Kain."

- (3) Then saw I a golden helmet gleam by our fence  
of stake.  
A light leap over the trench made Jochad, but  
naught he spake,  
Coming down the slopes to meet us, whilst I saw  
the hurdles start  
And tips of a score of arrows wait eager for  
Lugaid's heart.  
Naught but a cloudless wonder dwelt on my  
husband's face,  
As with words of happy greeting he came to our  
resting place.  
"Thou hast greeted the queen, by thine armour I  
know thou hast titles and fame,  
By sea and land, but neither thy father's house  
or thy name.

Thou shalt be a champion of Breogan, those  
ancient seamen and brave,  
Sons of the sons of them that rule on the ocean  
wave  
Far southward into the sunlands." Then spake  
I, "Lo, I am here  
To bring thee my brother, Lugaid, the son of my  
father dear,  
The old man I loved in Tarshish when I dwelt  
in his house awhile,  
Who gave me the men that brought me unto  
thee and thy fair green isle.  
Now my brother bringeth me Breogan." Then  
deep in his beard low laughed  
Strong Lugaid and said, "More deadly hath been  
the magic I quaffed  
Than his whose teeth had been broken. But  
now I see thee aright  
For a lion, I have my longing, and hail thee a  
lord of fight  
Who shall shame no man as his captain, and  
Balor is none of mine,  
Though he may perchance excel me in strength  
to wrestle with wine,

And Bres may win at the chess-play. I bow to  
thy queen great righ \*  
And thy helm with her ruby above it. Thy man  
henceforward am I.”  
Then Jochad embraced him and said, “ My queen,  
my mistress, my bride,  
This day thou art champion of war, the chiefest  
strength of our side.”  
And Lugaid laughed, “ It is little thy queen hath  
conquered in me ;  
But the daughter of Ith may call the sons of the  
sons of the sea,  
And win back a loyal answer. Fair queen, so  
haughty and small,  
Say wilt thou travel with me to set on thy crown  
the wall  
Of the Breogan towns of the South to keep thee  
here on thy hill.”  
Then Jochad was grave, but I smiled, and he  
spake not against my will  
When I followed Lugaid afoot till he set me on  
Enbarr his steed

\* *Righ*, king.

And went by my side five furlongs. Now  
whither our road should lead  
I had guessed. O'er a rough rock's shoulder we  
climbed and below us stood  
The miledh of Bregia camping betwixt that cliff  
and a wood.  
At Lugaid's shouting they turned and knew him  
and drew anigh  
Whilst he spake of me to his men, for that crag  
was set too high  
For my speech to pass to their ears, but high on  
the topmost stone  
I stood few paces above him, and a thought I  
had made my own  
Was this. The trident of gold I had from the  
Pen of the Gate  
Should be known of these with the twicforked  
spears. By a happy fate  
I had seen my maidens bearing it forth in my  
house that day,  
And chosen this for a rod, and a weapon to be  
my stay  
When I went down the field to Dala. Now I  
raised it on high

That its threefold fangs of gold might lighten  
    against the sky ;  
And the miledh hailed their standard, for many a  
    grandson of Tyre  
Knew in what temple shone in the god's hand  
    such dart of fire,  
And great was the shouting then, though some  
    of the folk were wroth,  
Till there came division amongst them, and part  
    of their band drew forth  
With Richis to go unto Balor, but more than the  
    half turned back  
And passed by the crag, and followed where  
    Lugaid pointed their track.  
Two hours had I gone from Mulach, when again  
    I might discern  
Once more the eyes through the wattles that  
    waited on my return,  
For none might pass through the trench save  
    Jochad gave them command.  
I that departed with one, returned with an  
    armoured band,  
Twelve hundred and three and fifty, whilst some  
    stole thither by night

Until Breogan stood fourteen hundred, a wall to  
    hearten our fight ;  
With Lugaid the stone of their corner, the prow  
    of the thorny hedge  
That should brush the horsemen asunder, as a  
    swan that stirreth the sedge.

## CHAPTER XXIV

- (1) *Lugaid journeying with them meeteth his father by the way,  
    who is secretly slain by three Canaanites thereafter ;* (2)  
    *Lugaid maketh jest of the porters at the gate of Emain ;*  
(3) *The tribute is cut off.*

(1) AT the dawn I said, "let us carry to Nuadh the  
    Breogan aid,  
That his soul be uplifted with us, and his mildh  
    be not dismayed  
By tidings both North and South. So I and my  
    husband led  
With Lugaid, and Ogma tarned a space behind  
    at the head  
Of our folk and the men of Bregia. Then, pass-  
    ing on without fear  
We saw on our path a greybeard most noble of  
    horse and gear

Who came in the way before us ; and now, behold,  
it was Ith,  
And he fell on the neck of Lugaid, and great was  
our joy therewith.  
Beholding his son he wept ; and gave to the Lord  
great praise  
That his eyes found light to behold him, before  
the darkness of days.  
Tidings had come out of Bregia that his son was  
living as yet,  
Thereupon he made no tarrying, but quickly his  
course was set  
To see if that word were true ; and now, than his  
hope more swift,  
His son had kneeled for his pardon. Then both  
did their gaze uplift  
To my face, and he kissed me also, and blessed  
me of heaven that his son  
Was found, and had counsel by me, and bade  
him his course to run  
'Neath the eyes of his daughter Tephi, enquiring  
much of our war.  
Then said he, "Ye call me, Ith Cian, the 'light  
that liveth afar,'



In this land where my ships come often, but soon  
shall ye see me near.

I am not too weak in mine age to handle the  
sword and spear.

I speed and return with succours. One hour  
with ye I remain :

Then back unto Edair's harbour to summons the  
ships of Spain.

In a month hence abide my coming. My going  
shall not be long.

My ships shall be very many, their engines and  
armour strong."

He heeded not for our chiding. "Nay, I have  
seen my son

My very son, Lugaid, in right. My journey is  
wellnigh run.

Let me strike one stroke against Balor. He also  
is mighty, yet old.

His seawolves have oft sped southwards to harry  
sheep of my fold."

Thus spake he, and would not tarry ; yet scarce  
had he left our sight,

Riding full swiftly to Edair, when now at entrance  
of night

Three champions of Tyre drew nigh, and though  
the even was dim  
They guessed of Ith by his riding, and their riding  
was known unto him,  
For he drove them forth out of Eber, being proud  
that no man might stand  
Of the chiefs of Eber before them, and haughty  
in all the land;  
Yet valiant and strong and wealthy. Now these  
were sworn unto hate  
Of the lord of Tarshish, therefore he turned himself  
by the gate  
Of a farmstead amongst the cattle, but the eldest  
man of the three  
Beheld him and followed after, and beat him  
down on his knee  
Whilst his brothers slew him with stones, and  
after they builded a heap  
Of the stones above Ith Cian, and trusted their  
deed would sleep :  
But ye know, and therefore I write not, the tale  
that the bards shall tell  
To the sons of men for ever, how these princes  
of Canaan fell

'Neath the burdens of Lugaid upon them.  
Though greatly they strove therewith,  
They were laid at the last 'neath the stones where-  
under they buried Ith.  
We knew not this on that night, yet deemed that  
Ith was no more  
When his succours came not from Tarshish,  
knowing the love he bore  
To his daughter and son, and his wrath against  
Balor, Indech and Bres.

- (2) Yet this night we guessed not his doom, and went  
without heaviness ;  
And the next day drew unto Emain, riding  
thither full fast  
Before our people, and Lugaid swore that a jest  
to last  
Should be in our coming thither. So went he  
afoot to the hall,  
His brightness veiled by a cloak. Now there  
stood two guardians tall  
And haughty by Nuadh's threshold, and these  
men bade him to stay

Until his errand was told them. Then said he  
humbly, "I pray,  
Doth Nuadh require a wheelwright?" and the  
porters answered him "Nay,  
We have Luchta, the son of Lomhaid." Then  
asked he again, "I pray  
Your favour, wants he a smith," and the porters  
again said "Nay,  
Our smith is the thrice-skilled Colum." Then  
bolder he spoke, "I pray  
Lack ye here for a champion?" and loudly the  
men cried "Nay,  
Great Ogma cometh and Ethdan." Then sweetly  
he sung, "I pray,  
Want ye my songs as a harper?" and proudly  
they answered "Nay,  
For Ethan comes oft to our tables." So, solemn,  
he asked, "I pray,  
Have ye preachers and pious amongst you,"  
and scornful they spake him, "Ay,  
The wisdom of Sri, the preaching of Mathgen."  
So laughed he, "I pray,  
Are cupbearer's near to your lord?" They  
answered in mocking, "Ay,

Dathi leads twelve clad in crimson?" Then,  
formal, he questioned, "Pray,  
Be there scribes or recorders with them?" Where-  
upon they answered him, "Ay,  
Many scribes under En son of Eschmun." So,  
last he said, "I beseech  
Your mercy in asking, hath Nuadh provided a  
skilful leech?"

One laughed and the other yawned. "The chief  
of that craft have we,  
With son and daughter beside him, wellnigh as  
skilful as he."

Then Lugaid cast cloak, and shouted, "Go,  
Kamal the son of Knees  
And Hamal son of Formality, ask thy master, of  
these  
Which man may do every service?" Right  
swiftly these lackeys sped  
At his chiding, and Nuadh heard them, and came  
to the gate and led  
The "man of all crafts" \* to his table, where  
laughter and mirth we found

\* "Ildanach," a title of Lugaid's, who may have picked up his oriental terms of abuse (Gamul Mac Figol and Chamal Mac

To greet us upon our coming, whilst gaily that  
jest went round.

- (3) Now as we sat at our meat, there came nine  
men with demand  
That the tributes set by the fomorcs be given into  
their hand ;  
And spake with threats in their mouths that the  
taxings be swiftly made,  
Bidding us hear that thereafter a double tax  
should be paid,  
If Balor and Tethra should tarry, or Indech  
should stay his oars  
That he sent unto Losken-lomu, to bring with  
speed to our shores  
His barekneed kernes from the North. Then  
stood I before these men  
And said, "The Shepherd of Israel keepeth  
wolves from the pen,

Rhiagild) in his wanderings, or learned them of the folk whom he is reported to have sent as far as the Persian court for steel weapons, probably unobtainable further west at that period. The physician's name was Diancecht, the lady doctor's Armedda.

His flock shall be tythed of no man." Then  
Lugaid arose in wrath  
And falling swift on the seafolk, with the spear-  
staff he drove them forth,  
To return unto Indech and Balor. But all hearts  
gathered to me,  
For my labour was fallen upon me, and my  
travail for victory.

## CHAPTER XXV

(1) *Tephi holdeth her council at Grellach Dollaid, and cheereth the men of Eriu ; (2) Eocaid gathers his force of the men of the land and of the horsemen of Dan, whilst Lugaid goeth to the South and Ogma to the North. They make their trysting in the West, by the water which is now called Unius, and Tephi sendeth messages to Elatha.*

(1) Old Nuadh's heart rose up as a man of war to  
cheer  
Our hearts, a steed that snuffeth and knoweth  
the battle near,  
And we planned our secret council that was held  
on a Sabbath day,  
For our righteousness is with the Lord in our  
toiling as when we pray.

In a hidden hold we made it, of the chosen of  
all our land,  
And greatly the people marvelled of the deed  
which thereat was planned,  
Wherefore men call it my amrun,\* for all men  
marvelled to see  
How God spake forth in Eriu by the Spirit He  
set on me.  
Now after a while, I bade that each man speak of  
the gift  
He would give unto God and Eriu the burdens  
thereof to uplift,  
Then Mathgen the wise said, "I and the priests  
through the hills seek aid,"  
And Figol son of Manoah, "Oft on my knees I  
have prayed  
Amongst the men of the woodlands, and surely  
these know me well,  
And will seek at my bidding to Tephi to fight  
with the powers of hell."  
Bright Dathi said, "I am known by many a river  
and lake

\* A marvel.



To the aire's and shepherds, and these will surely  
come for my sake."

And Lugaïd, "Of Breogan, my strength, I issue  
forth with my spear,

The Destroyer, with Perez the Mede its light-  
nings were seen with fear.

None such hath been known in Eriu. 'Tis a  
flame of thrice-tempered steel."

Now many spake of their will for the good of the  
land to deal.

Gabhraan the smith saying, "Never shall freedman  
of Eriu want

For spearheads or bolts or javelins till the coals  
of my forge be scant."

And Luchtna, "For Gabhraan's spearheads such  
shafts will I surely make,

As shall fill each outstretched hand, and no one  
of my shafts shall break."

And Creidne, "Of every spear which Gabhraan  
and Luchtua's skill

Shall fashion, the heads shall cleave, for my  
rivetting is not ill."

Last, Jochad said, "Ye have promised each and  
all as a King

Yet myself is the Queen's first servant, and therefore myself I bring."

Then Lugaid smiled and he said, "The serfdom of all is seen

In their mouths, but what wage for labour shall be to thy slaves, Oh, Queen?"

Then answered I at that asking, "Little my need of a slave,

But free service to this my kingdom." And thereon I made them a stave.

Not upon slaves are my gifts poured out.

Strong olive, anointed and diggèd about,

Mine oils are sovran o'er weakness and doubt.\*

(2) We determined that Lugaid should pass with his Breogan homeward and west

\* Arrosisor dosifus

Dosseladh arosel

Arrosdibu nosriast

For the difficulty of translating the Great Queen's utterances see Whitley Stoke's "*Revue Celtique*." I am no scholar.

And Jochad be with me at Tailtea,\* whereto I  
should gather the quest  
Of all the lands of my province, and also through-  
out the soil  
Of Eriu send men to gather hills fields and  
pastures from toil,  
Loyal folk but skillless in warfare. Yet Jochad  
had heed of all,  
And taught them and gave them arms ; and their  
women and babes would fall  
At my feet, and pray me to lift the curse of the  
robber bands  
That issued out of the cashels, and harried the  
farmers lands  
Till they lacked the oxen to plough with, and  
often they failed to eat  
The very seed they had planted, for oft these  
carried the wheat.  
In my tears I promised their asking, and gave  
them of that I had,

\* The seat of Tephi in her immediate domain of Teffia (Tephi's land), where she probably died, being carried thence Teamuir for burial. Teffia included Longford and Westmeath.

Grown little now by my spendings, but the souls  
of my poor were glad,  
Till some called me not "Teia" but "Dea," and  
save that they dwelt with the clods  
I had needs reproved them more sharply, for I  
love not that names of gods  
Be given to men; and after, such rebuke was  
often my need  
In chiding this foolish people, but my preaching  
hath little heed.  
Ogma went from us northeast, and passing a  
space inland  
He drew us a noble succour of men of war to his  
band,  
And passed unto Ailech to Corrigenn, and thus  
in a six weeks' space  
We had gathered Eriu amongst us, and drew  
towards the trysting-place.  
Where Balor and Bres should find us, and where  
should be held that fight  
Which should darken the clouds of Eriu or fill its  
dwellings with light.  
One thing unknown of my husband I did, for I  
feared to fall

Therein. We heard how a bridge betwixt the  
isles of the Gall \*  
And Eriu was wellnigh built by boats going  
hither and fro  
With Sgiaths and Firbolgs in thousands, for  
Indech had not been slow  
Of help unto Bres, nor Tethra, nor Omna nor  
Bagma the chiefs  
Of the fomorcs, to bring with ships these bands  
of savage reliefs  
Unto Balor. Then sent I word to Elatha the  
father of Bres  
That the host of his son grew mighty. His  
honour grew less and less,  
Bringing wild Firbolgs to plunder a kingdom  
which once his arm  
Was strong to defend against them. So I told  
my husband my charm  
Had been woven to weaken Indech, and surely  
my soul spake true,  
For Elatha sent many vessels to harass that  
pirate crew,

\* Foreigner.

And the isles of the Sgiath's and Firbolgs, till  
 lastly these feared to come,  
 Whilst many that came already went back to  
 defend their home.

## CHAPTER XXVI

- (1) *Tephi and her husband come to the ford of Unna \* where Eocaid dreameth a dream which she may not interpret, though she is cheered thereby; (2) the chiefs of the host assemble thither, and a camp is pitched, whilst the battle is set for the eve of Samhain †; (3) the fighting of the first day, Ruadan, being treacherous, is slain by Gabhran the smith.*

WE were first, one week ere Samhain in the tryst-  
 ing by Unna's stream.

In the early dawn thereafter, my husband told  
 me his dream

How I stood o'er the pool of Unna one foot on  
 his own green land,

But the other firm on a lion that slept on a fair  
 bright strand.

Nine braids of my locks spread forth, and lo, the  
 first of a three

\* "Destruction," named after the battle.

† October 30th.

Was wavy and many tangled in all the isles of  
the sea.

Now the second was thick and braided on a  
broad land wealthy and fair

In the West, but that tress was severed, and cities  
grew from each hair

That lay on that noble pasture. Then the third  
tress spread to the north

In a great land buried in snows, which melted till  
streams gushed forth

Amidst oceans of golden cornland. Then he  
spake of the second three,

How a thin hair, strongly braided, upheld the  
weight of the sea,

And a second stirred by a westwind flew to a  
golden hill.

Whilst its fellow gave shelter from heat o'er realms  
stretching beyond it still.

Of the third three, all went south, and one was  
spread over Lud

And Phut, but the other twain flew out o'er an  
endless flood

Unto the endings of earth, and there they fastened  
their hold

Upon mighty desert places in the heart of whose  
stones was gold.

Now on every tress of the nine were golden cym-  
bals which spoke

In the ears of the lion's cubs which lay at my  
foot : but he woke

Ere ever his dream was ended. Yet he watched  
four eagles draw

Towards the lion to blind his eyeballs, and the  
lion opened his maw

And roared in face of the eagles. Then started  
he full awake.

That dream might I ne'er interpret, yet my soul  
is glad for its sake.

(2) Yet the roaring was of young lions, for Lugaid  
and Ogma were there

With their force before the daybreak, and surely  
they did not spare

To roar as lions in their coming. Thus was our  
host complete,

And Nuadh went forth before us, and ordered a  
battle seat



On the green slope stretched before us. Noble  
was now that host,  
And valiant, but little of number before the chiefs  
of the coast,  
With their swarming Firbolgs and shipmen.  
Now each side ordered its fence,  
And we parleyed, and set the battle of the forces  
for five days thence.  
Upon Samhain's day which they chose, for this  
was a feast unto Baal,  
But my Stone of defence was sure. His pillars  
of little avail.

- (3) Now the plain by the stream of Unna was level  
and broad and green  
Till the rising fences of Balor on a further hill  
might be seen  
Whence shoutings came to our ears, and cham-  
pions out of his side  
Came forth in the field and mocked us, and I  
would not any replied.  
Yet often they went ; and some were victors, and  
some men fell.

I might scarce forbid such strivings ; but this  
thing I knew right well,  
That such are not for a leader in whom a nation  
is lost,  
So laid my gesa \* on Lugaid and Ethdan at  
every cost  
To bide in their booths with Jochad. Nuadh  
secure might ride,  
For the chief of a host is sacred till his battle be  
ordered wide.  
That first day were many combats of lesser men,  
and a car  
Of Ochtriall son of Indech we took with his  
craisechs † of war,  
When he went to stop the springs to our front,  
for the streamlet ran  
Too near to their slings for our sutlers. Also  
division began  
Of these, and the spears which Gabhran and  
Creidne and Luchtna made,

\* *Gesa*, command with curse for disobedience.

† *Craisech*, a broad heavy spear with a blunt point, used by  
Firbolgs and seamen.

Each with its well-poised shaft, and rivets, and  
    bright keen blade,  
Till the foe had heed of that forest, and at even,  
    one that we knew  
Came from them and went amongst us, for the  
    stream of his life he drew  
From a captain of Dan, though his mother was  
    even a Canaanite,  
In whom a chief of the fomorcs long time had his  
    heart's delight.  
Ruadan was his name, and much he enquired of  
    our gears,  
And saw where Gabhran the smith was casting  
    the ruddy spears,  
And Creidne plying his hammers, and Luchtna  
    shaping the wood,  
The three great craftsmen of Eriu, and the work  
    of their hands right good  
And speedy ; whilst Tuirbhi, crippled, wrought at  
    his forges ill,  
Though had he been strong in his prime, our  
    Gabhran, his pupil, still  
Was his master in skill and swiftness. Then the  
    spy to Tuirbhi went back,

And told him we cast ten spears unto one, and  
his arm was slack ;  
So Ochtriall, grieved for his craisechs, moved him  
to seek our camp,  
And find if sods might be gathered the fires of  
our forge to damp ;  
And he took a spear of a woman who ground it  
upon a wheel,  
And hurled it swiftly on Gabhran, thinking there-  
by to steal  
Supply of our weapons from us ; but the spear  
that went by his back  
Tore but the flesh of the smith, so Gabhran sped  
on his track,  
Drawing the head from his side, and hurled an  
avenging stroke.  
May all traitor's perish like Ruadan, whose breast-  
bone and back were broke.

## CHAPTER XXVII

- (1) *Ogma fighting with Tethra wins Ormai his sword; (2) Bres cometh to chide, and seeking Lugaid, is fought with by Ethan the poet, who is shamefully smitten by Bennan, the son of Kain, whom Aci, son of Alghuba, beareth dead unto Tephi.*

- (1) TETHRA, the sea-king, came next day in the midst to deride

Both Jochad and Ethdan, but Ogma went for  
them on our side,

Falling swiftly upon him, and beat him back to  
their fence again.

Had Tethra not fled from Ogma, surely he then  
were slain,

Having lost his sword behind him. That sword  
was heavy and keen,

Its hilts well guarded, and Ogma bore it back to  
the queen,

Saying, "Ormai, its name is well known." Now  
graved on the blade were lines

Straight, or sloped in their groupings; therefore  
I asked their designs.

Then Ogma said, "These be names of champions  
that Tethra slew  
With Ormai in former days, and each is a record true  
Of the sixteen feats that be graven." Sri also  
approved him of this,  
Reading forth the champion's titles. Then out-  
spoke Ogma, "I wis,  
It is well that a name remains of a miledh and of  
his deed.  
If I fall, no man shall know my resting save such  
a screed  
Be set on the stone that marks me." Surely so  
it was done  
With grief on the headstone of Ogma that day  
when our fight was won.

- (2) On the first three days flowed balsams, on the  
fourth a river of grief.  
Out of their gate at morning shone bright the  
arms of a chief  
Which blazed in the Autumn sunrise. A figure  
of princely mould,  
Whose spears were iron of Tarshish, his buckler  
of beaten gold,

And his helmet and breastplate likewise. Then  
all men knew him for Bres,  
Who came before us and spake, and his words  
were of bitterness.  
“How long did I herd the swine, that now  
amongst wolves am found,  
Whilst the swineherd Nuadh lay sick, when Ogmá  
crouched like a hound  
For my scraps, and Jochad was mine ere ever he  
gave his heart  
Unto piglings routing for roots, and a woman  
bade me depart.  
With none of these will I fight, for these were  
my servants all ;  
But lo, I behold with swineherds a champion  
slender and tall,  
And meseems, well skilled in his saddle, who ne’er  
hath been dog of mine.  
I will fight with him if he listeth, and the light of  
his courage shine  
As bright as doth Canbarr his helmet.” Then  
Lugaid grew mad for fight,  
Till I angered and claimed my gesa, his champions  
holding him tight,

Yubor, Seibar, and Eru, whilst they bade him re-  
member Spain  
And the oath he made to his sire, and how he  
had right to reign  
If his father indeed had perished. Still, sore was  
his mood to go  
Till in the midst of our chiding, we heard a  
murmur run low  
Of wonderment round our trenches, and setting  
mine eyes to the fence  
I beheld how Ethan the poet like an arrow of  
war sped thence,  
With shaft and sword, but unarmoured, whilst  
Bres in the open field  
Laid low his spear for encounter, and eyed him  
above his shield.  
Now the shaft which Ethan carried was heavy  
and sharp and thick.  
Through the golden shield he hurled it, and  
leaping thereafter quick  
On the spearshaft bore the shield to the ground  
with his proper weight,  
And saving that Bres fell with it, surely then had  
his fate



Been death by the hand of Ethan, and Jochad  
cried, "'Tis a feat  
Most worthy a great war champion," and Lugaid  
answered in heat  
"Such feat had never been mine. Nay, I knew  
not this of my sires."  
Whilst Ethan smote with the sword on the helm  
with its jewelled fires  
Which gleamed on the sward beneath him and  
shore away half its crest,  
Then raising his hand again he smote it against  
the breast  
Wounding above the mantle, but his blade on the  
buckle broke ;  
Whilst Bres, being mighty, arose, and struck him  
down with the stroke  
Of his spearshaft laid to the neck, whilst we  
shuddered as Ethan fell ;  
But Bres set his shield above him, and we trusted  
all should be well,  
When Bennan, that came by stealth from their  
fences to watch that strife,  
Thrust under the shield his spear. Then Ethan,  
leaving his life,

Set eyes on Bennan and knew him and said,  
    " With me there is bliss,  
But the giver thereof I bless not, for love was not  
    in thy kiss."  
Thus died he, and Bres was moody in shame, but  
    naught he spake  
Striding in wrath from Bennan. Then, for God  
    and my kingdom's sake,  
I bade Acison of Alghubago swift to the son of Kain,  
And command him into my judgment, and swiftly  
    return again.  
He ran, and he came on Bennan, and caught him  
    round by the waist  
Lifting him high though he fought in the arms  
    which his girth enlaced  
Until Aci strode in our trenches. No blood in  
    that strife was shed,  
But ere Buman was thrown before me, the soul  
    from his black lips fled,  
And he went to the Lord of Judgments. Aci  
    returned with his corse,  
Having message from God and his queen, he  
    wrought it with mighty force.  
Oh great was our mourning for Ethan, but holy  
    our joy likewise.

We laid on his brow in the sidhe a champion's  
helm as his prize,  
Whose badge was my spray of Olive. There  
they dwell with his dust  
Beside the waters of Unna, but his glory shall  
never rust.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

(1) *Nuadh leads his forces in three bands against Balor of the Mighty Blows, and Lugaid doth many deeds of valour in the centre of the fight ; (2) The miledh upon the right are harassed, and Nuadh trusting to slay Balor with his darts ; is slain by him. Indech presses sore upon the miledh until Ogma and Indech fall by each other's spears. Lugaid comes from the centre and slays Balor, retrieving the battle of the miledh ; (3) Tephi watches the fighting of Jochad and the men of the land who are victorious against the Firbolgs and Canaanites ; (4) The Queen gives pardon to Bres and Tethra at their fences, and the slain of Balor are counted by Uan Cendach his scribe ; (5) Tephi maketh a song of instruction for the priests to sing to the people.*

(1) ON that day we arose ere dawn, and the heaven  
was black with cloud  
As we mustered our men on the hillslope, but of  
surety my heart was proud

Whilst they sung the warsong I made them.

“The Kings arise unto fight.” \*

Marching so strongly and proudly mine eyes  
grew wet with the sight ;

For the most part had been but yeomen and  
herdsmen out of the field,

Not men of war from their youth, nor feared I  
that such would yield

To the knives and stones of the Sgiaths, but  
dreaded the long-stretched wall

Of the coastfolk guarded in armour, and the force  
of the men not small.

For their Firbolgs, I feared them little. The  
horsemen of Dan should sweep

From our flank and ride amongst them, and slay  
and drive them like sheep,

And the plain was too rough and soft for chariots.

I recked not of these,

But their strength with Balor and Indech and  
Bres and the men of the seas

In three lines like a thorny fence. The first,  
low couched to his shield

\* *Afraigid rig don cath.* This warsong of Tephi's still exists, but I have been unable to meet with a translation.

Till a rampart of bronze and hides stretched end-  
less across the field  
With strong thorns of death before it, whilst they  
that behind it stood  
Bare javelins very many which sprouted thick as  
a wood.  
Upon these were cords of leather to the end that  
being cast  
They are not lost in the hurling but unto the  
wrist bound fast,  
To be drawn again to the seafolk. Lastly, with  
slings and darts  
Stood their slaves to aid their forefront. So now  
with the thought that starts  
Unbid to the lips, I ordered my Breogan to  
shorten the line,  
But the fourth of our foes already, till the ranks  
of their men were nine,  
And break them upon the centre. This Nuadh  
and Lugaid approved,  
As Nuadh rode out to the right, and down on  
their left-hand moved  
With the horse of Dan and his miledh. The left  
was my husband's place

With the multitude of our people, to carry them  
face to face  
Through the swarming Sgiaths and Firbolgs,  
before Breogan upon their right.  
Right royal he rode with his people, and cheered  
their hearts for the fight.  
At the centre Lugaid rode round his column his  
spear in his hand  
Singing "Arotroi cath comartan." \* Then hurl-  
ing his ninefold band  
On their triple line it parted. So scattered their  
swarm and brake  
In surges upon his phalanx, but our shield-wall  
it might not shake ;  
And there was Ochtriall the leader of the fomorcs  
of Uan slain,  
And the might of Omna and Bagna their  
champions wasted in vain.  
There Luad struck down Loch Lentglass a mighty  
warrior in strife  
Where he lay on the ground unsworded, and  
Lugaid gave him his life.

\* A song which Lugaid made against paying tribute to the Fomorians. It still exists.

- (2) But our right-hand had nowise prospered. Brave  
were the men and true  
Of the miledh that followed Nuadh, but their  
ranks were wasted and few ;  
Their horsemen stayed by the clayfields. Thus,  
or ever they drew anear  
To the line of Balor, in places where no man  
might thrust with the spear,  
Rushed Firbolgs swiftly upon them, and hurled  
forth darts and were fled ;  
So that many were wounded amongst them, and  
three captains of hundreds dead,  
Ere they came to the wall of Balor. Then  
Nuadh, though old, was rash,  
Beholding his ancient foeman, and went out  
swiftly to dash  
Upon him ere any might stay him ; so, shouting  
his name, rode in  
On the line and brake it asunder, and thought  
by that deed to win  
The fight against Balor and slay him, hurling  
with mighty force  
The one of his spears, which wandering, pierced  
but the head of a horse

Before the chariot of Balor. Then his second  
javelin he threw.  
On the brazen shield of Balor, raised slantwise,  
it glanced askew,  
Smiting Cannan, brother of Bennan. Then,  
grasping strongly his last,  
Rode Nuadh to strike down Balor; but even  
now as he past  
One smote the heels of his horse, and rearing  
upwards it fell,  
Whilst Balor forth from his chariot leapt in the  
hate of hell  
With an iron craisech, and slew him. Then  
fiercely forward his men  
He drave on the miledh of Eriu, who weary  
came from the fen  
And, sad with the falling of Nuadh, slow and  
sullen drew back,\*  
Until Indech curving his men from the left-hand  
horn in attack  
Beside them, many were slain; and Indech,  
passing behind,

\* It was at this point of the fight that Tephi's sister Maacha was slain, as mentioned before.



Drew forth in the field with hope our camp  
unguarded to find.  
Therein was his greed reproved, for Ogma, with  
chosen guards  
Of the Danites, was set to keep me. Moreover,  
the scribes and bards  
Had each one a champion's spear. E'en the  
priests that came with us to pray,  
And the cooks sang "afraid rig don cath" on  
that mighty day ;  
With neatherds, swineherds, and boys who each  
had darts in his hand.  
So great had been Gabhran's zeal that these  
looked like a warrior band  
Behind the stakes we had planted. Thus,  
Indech halted anear  
To behold, and Ogma, the loved one of Jochad,  
couching his spear,  
Rode forth with a troop against him, and Indech  
stooping his head,  
Rode also, till piercing each other, those  
champions fell down dead ;  
And a great cry rose from our fences; but on the  
horsemen of Dan

Rode o'er their fallen leader, and each one slew  
him a man  
Of the fomorcs, and over our fence came  
trooping the carles with spears,  
Till the hearts of the men of Indech being  
smitten with idle fears  
They fled to their ships from the battle ; yet our  
need was sore on the right,  
Where the men of Dan, with the miledh, stood  
back unto back to fight  
As a rock that wastes by the sea-wave, till  
bringing the central wedge  
Of our fight, bright Lugaid appeared beside them  
to set the edge  
Of the Breogan sword on the fomorcs, and  
sweeping as chaff their slaves,  
Parted that sea which girt them as a vessel  
parteth the waves.  
Then, taking a keen-edged stone, a champion  
stone, for his sling,  
He sent it amidst their chariots, and smote down  
Balor their king,  
For it struck and went out behind him. Then  
riding on in his wrath

He spake with his spear unto many, bidding the  
soul fly forth,  
To do service still unto Balor.

- (3)                      Meanwhile mine only delight  
And terror had been that day to gaze on our  
left-hand fight,  
Where I saw the throngs go steady, with one  
crest moving o'er all,  
The tallest and brightest there. Ah me, if that  
crest shall fall!  
Now, in midst of the plain, sore is that host  
beset.  
The Firbolg flood is around it. That helm is  
not stooping yet.  
See, for a moment it bends. Behold there  
cometh a troop  
Barekneed. These be Loshken's kin. He  
rideth head of the group.  
His plaid flies wide from his brooches. He  
beareth a mighty brand.  
His fosters with targes are by him to aid him on  
either hand.

Is it Aci that smiteth his fosters? I see but the  
    shining crest  
Stoop twice and Loshken is fallen. Deep is the  
    wound in the breast  
Of Loshken-lomu Mac Lomglain, who carried  
    his barekneed kernes  
Out of Sgiath north unto Scetna, where the  
    northernmost ocean churns  
Upon rocks that are white with seafowl. Now  
    are the white knees spray  
Before Jochad and Aci riding, and swiftly it dies  
    away  
As they hammer the bronze of Breogan. Behold,  
    it bends with the strain.  
Yea, shout with joy, it is broken. Nay, it is  
    mended again.  
Eriu is slow going backward, yet steady from  
    rank to rank. •  
There cometh a host of horsemen, and driveth  
    upon the flank.  
Yea, Bres with his horsemen rideth. Surely now  
    shall they flee.  
Let my prayer be pure with the Lord who hath  
    holpen me on the sea.

Yea, though the hail pass over. Yea, though  
the billows roll,  
The Lord is the Stone of my corner, the strong  
defence of my soul.  
Great are their shoutings and strivings, great is  
the clashing of swords.  
The heathen are mighty and many ; their leaders  
are chosen lords ;  
But that helm goes hither and thither, as a fly-  
ing star o'er the strife.  
It brightens the heart of our battle. It flashes  
where men yield life  
For God and for Eriu and me. The grasses are  
stained with gore,  
But that heaving ceases. Oh sternly doth Eriu  
flow once more  
Against the bulwarks of Breogan. Lesser is now  
their band,  
Yet more swift and fierce than aforetime. Who  
at this hour may withstand  
These trusting in God and their captain, these  
lifting a crushing wrong  
Which bowed the necks of their fathers. Needs  
must that their will be strong

To buy with their blood this battle. Here Richis,  
the proud man, fights,  
By Tuiren the son of Malek. The lofty, my  
champion smites ;  
And Tuiren is slain by Aci ; but the horsemen  
again draw near.  
By the left they pass behind us, and now they  
ride on the rear.  
Scarce do they smite our hindmost, ere Ethdan  
cometh at speed  
With horsemen of Dan behind him. He helpeth  
our sorest need.  
They be many, and Dan but few, yet Dan hath  
made him a track  
Betwixt the foe and our footmen. No one of my  
own turns back  
To look on Sodom behind him. Each presses  
on to the mark  
Where the gleaming golden helmet is set as a  
guiding spark.

- (4) It is even, lo, they are yielding. Yea, they have  
called me a witch ;  
But I know the distant slaughter. I hear their  
cries in the ditch

That lieth before their fences. My soul may no  
longer stay.

I mount the white steed of Jochad. Full swiftly  
I ride away

With tears and blessings behind me. Now Jochad  
and Lugaid form

Their force to a single band in the field for the  
final storm,

As I find the son of Alghuba, and bid him pro-  
claim that now

The Queen brings word from the Lord that all  
who have need shall bow

Before her and take her ransoms. This message  
therefore he cried ;

But over the speartopped fence no voice of a  
man replied.

Then, knowing many should fail ere ever its fruits  
were won,

And grieved in my heart thereof, I carry my horse  
alone

Nigh up to the trench and speak, and awe is on  
those within

From the Lord, for they deem that I alone in His  
strength shall win

The gates of their fence, so they hear, and these  
were the words that I said.

“Is there any wounded within? Is there any  
man sore bested?

I have leeches to tend his hurts. I have succours  
to help his heart.

Moreover, if any would go, I give him grace to depart  
Unharm'd if he go in peace to his land; or, if of  
mine own,

I bid him kneel unto David, and seek his grace  
of my throne.”

Then heard I voices within, and after a space  
spake Bres.

“Oh Queen, which lot were my portion? I  
would not add less to less,

But more unto more. As yet, my spearmen are  
more than thine.

We have strength in our fence. On our spears  
the sun with the morn shall shine.

Yet, if thou holdest thy word, I promise that  
never more

Shall the taxings made for the miledh go forth  
from thine island shore.”

“Is this the gift of a champion that would not  
grow less and less?”



I said, "Such gifts, not his own, shall not be  
worthy of Bres.

Go seek Elatha, thy father. Go spend the rest of  
thy days

In ridding the seas of robbers. Thus win thee  
a champion's praise,

That thy name be increased with blessing, and  
sink no more 'neath a curse.

There be good and evil before thee. Why set  
thy hand to the worse?"

Then Tethra chided with Bres, and said "We be  
overthrown.

Why should we longer bide? The half of my  
men are flown,

And Tuirbhi our smith is wounded. Let us take  
the message she gives.

Now Balor and Indech are slain, what man should  
vouch for our lives?

Whilst small hope is ours of a booty." Yet think  
I be moved not Bres,

For he answered to me alone. "Behold, I am  
less and less,

Yet fain would be more and more. Therefore,  
oh Queen, I will go

In the name of thy Stone hereafter ; seeking thy  
    grace with woe  
For all I have sought with evil." Then said I  
    "Peace unto thee,  
That the blessings of wise Elatha shall rest be-  
    twixt thee and me."  
Then back ride I to my folk whilst swiftly the sky  
    grew gray,  
Bidding all return to the fence, where I sank at  
    close of that day,  
Being faint, but thankful of heart ; and none  
    enquired of my deed,  
Yet men of the fornors told it, and mighty then  
    was the meed  
Of my praise, though some of the miledh fain had  
    plundered the foe,  
And murmured that after his binding, I loosed  
    him and let him go.  
Yet our spoils were great in the field, for Uan  
    Cendach, their scribe,  
Came forth at the morn, and he named us the  
    names out of every tribe,  
Of kings and chiefs that had fallen. Of kings  
    were forty and two,

And of chief men very many, whilst these on our  
     side were few,  
 Save that Nuadh and Ogma lay dead. Five  
     thousand sixty and three  
 Was his counting of all their slain. Whilst the  
     tale which was brought to me  
 By En the son of Eschmun was sixteen hundred  
     and five,  
 Nigh the half of whom were miledh. These seek  
     not for God to strive,  
 But for gold and crowns and pillage. Having  
     nor child nor wife,  
 Such lust as steeds after battle, and take a life  
     for a life.  
 Therefore I bade the priests uplift in men's ears  
     a song  
 Of the things which under the Lord should unto  
     the queen belong.

- (5)           Peace with the Lord \*  
               The Lord with man

\* Literally,

Peace to heaven.  
 Heaven to earth.  
 Earth under heaven.  
 A strength for all peoples.

*See lines on title page and at end.*

Man 'neath his Lord  
Hath strength to plan.

I would not behold in a wide realm, dear to me

Shame of sisters,  
Brothers unbridled,  
Seedless summer,  
Or plains unpastured.  
Captives kingless,  
Wise men witless,  
Preachers prayerless,  
Or any uncleanness.

Rulers unrighteous,  
Unjust judges,  
Rich men robbers,  
Or strong men spoiling.

Undutiful daughters,  
Strengthless soldiers.

Betrayers of truth,  
And workers of wickedness,  
Such will I shame.

## CHAPTER XXIX

- (1) *Eocaid after the fight at Magh Tuiread (Moytura, the plain of towers, from the numerous burial heaps there) is wounded well-nigh unto death by Cethlenn the wife of Balor ; (2) He is healed, yet not to his former might, by Diancecht ; (3) Tephi, journeying eastward, telleth the shameful death of Crimthann.*

(1) IN the midst of mourning, my pride had fall,  
being led astray.

The Lord had lifted me up. The Lord should  
cast me away,

Till my pride was humbled before him. My  
husband, my lover, my friend,

How great that morn was thy strength ; how near  
that eve was thine end.

I sat in my judgment place, and my soul was  
lifted to see

The widow of Balor draw nigh to ask a grace at  
my knee,

Cethlenn,\* of evil mouth. Men builded her  
husband's heap,

\* Literally "of the crooked teeth."

And she prayed her burial with him. Then said

I, "Ye hold too cheap

My word from the Lord against Baal. Behold,

his burnings shall cease.

I will break the horns of his altars, that so my

people have peace."

Then leapt she upon my side, upraising a little

knife,

And thrusting it down upon me, thought to have

had my life ;

But Jochad, springing upon her, lifted her hand,

and tore

The blade from her grasp, but in struggle, it fell

and it scratched him sore

By the foot. Then I bade men take her and

carry her over sea ;

And thereafter had will to slay her, yet Jochad

let this not be.

He said how his hurt was little, thus had I com-

fort awhile ;

But turning my face on my lord for counsel, I

saw the smile

Die out of his face, and he staggered, for poison

was in that wound,

And his eyes were darkened before me, and he  
stretched himself on the ground.

- (2) Six months my watchings endured, and my  
sorrow and toil were great,  
Ere Diancecth, the mighty healer, cured him, yet  
not to the state  
Wherein he had strength before. Of his limb he  
was ever lame.  
Yet his hurt was healed of the Lord to bring him  
a righteous fame,  
For he read in the wisdom of God, and drew the  
learned in schools,  
And taught the scribes till they marvelled.  
Moreover he set the rules  
Of the three-year meetings at Crofinn, where that  
chamber ample and round  
Is builded, wherein I will stretch me until my  
bones shall be found,  
Whensoe'er my White Champion seek me.  
There will I dwell alone,  
Whilst this land that I builded up by its idols  
is overthrown,

And the workings of evil amongst ye. The  
heathen shall swarm with the waves,  
To seek the tombs of my children, and wash  
them out of their graves.

Ernmais and Figol and Elier have counselled of  
this with me.

My tomb shall rest with my people. Their  
wailing place shall it be

For all that repent them of sin. Of Ernmais  
the Lord was the eyes,

Yet Jochad had many visions, and therefore men  
called him wise

“Ollam Fothla” the sage of our island, a title  
whereby he is known

Unto many tribes and peoples the furthest from  
Eriu’s throne.

(3) In the Springtide, glad at his healing, we journeyed  
out of the West,

With Jochad borne on a litter, and he made his  
chiefest request

That the miledh be given to Lugaid, who went  
not back unto Spain,



But set his hand upon mine, and sware with me  
to remain,  
My brother, my champion, my servant. Right  
well hath he kept his word,  
Cleansing the woods of robbers, and striking  
down with the sword  
All pirates that harried our shores ; with the  
vessels of Bres as his aid,  
Our hamlets and homesteads had rest, and our  
women walked unafraid.  
But now, he would go against Crimthann, and  
therein I answered him "nay,  
His faith was broken with David. The Lord is a  
lion in his way."  
This was beheld of many, for Crimthann had  
kept the shore,  
And guarded our eastward rear to keep by the  
oath he swore ;  
Yet brake it in working evil, riding for spoil at  
his will.  
His mighty men even now were set beside Usna's  
hill ;  
And there, as he hunted the woods, my complaint  
was heard of the Lord ;

For Crimthann, the mighty champion, fell not  
down by the sword  
But stoned unto death by swineherds. He had  
cast forth his hunting spear,  
And rode alone in the birchgroves to follow a  
wounded deer,  
Which fell near the plundered swinepens. Then  
when in his wrath he came  
Where the famished swineherds stripped it, they  
rose, and he died in shame.  
Then set I his men with the miledh, and Lugaid  
had toil with these,  
But, as master of all endeavours, he drew these  
wolves round his knees,  
Till they fawned as they fawned not on Crim-  
thann, licking the palms of his hand  
For the feastings at Lugaid's table, and his praise  
which was great in the land.

## CHAPTER XXX

- (1) *At Tailtea\* a firstborn son is given unto Tephi, and she beholdeth the blossom of her seed which she had planted ;  
(2) she maketh a confession of sin and its punishment, and admonishes her children thereby, revealing many things unto them.*

(1) AT my fortress three months I rested, and a  
strong man-child I bear  
To my husband, my firstborn, Aed ; now my  
infant was very fair,  
Till I loved him more than my land, and my  
heart was severed from God.  
The Lord that gave him hath taken. I am sore  
chastised with His rod.  
Yet the morn that I carried my firstborn forth  
'neath the summer sky,  
How sweet were all scents and sounds, and how  
lovely my land did lie,  
For the field was rosy before me that once was  
mantled with green ;  
And Maistiu, clapping her hands, said, " Praise  
be to thee great queen,

\* The strength or stronghold of Teia.

For thou spreadest fair carpets in Eriu, thy  
carpets out of the East  
Whereon her children walk softly, her cattle make  
gladdest feast.”  
In wonder I said, “What mean ye?” She  
answered, “That seed of thine  
Thou plantedst last year with care, behold it  
before thee shine  
Where it spreadeth on all the field. Thereon do  
thy oxen feed.  
It shall grow beside all rivers, for we call it our  
Rigan’s seed.\*  
Now other seeds that I brought from the ships  
had been saved alive.  
In my garden of Tailtea I set them, and some  
had the strength to thrive,  
Whilst many withered and died. Yet that linen-  
seed, with a flower  
Like the heavens, was much increased, till men  
said that the richest dower  
Which Tephi brought to the land was seed that  
I plucked by the way

\* Clover. See design on cover.

When I went through the grasses from Egypt.  
The Lord was my Stone and my stay  
When little I guessed His purpose. Few things  
are yet to be told.  
My body is worn and wasted, though by days  
and by years not old,  
With long service in aid of this people, in strivings  
and sorrows oft.  
Though my love stood by me to ease me, behold  
my couch was not soft.  
Our judgments and laws and teachings, are they  
not writ in the book  
Of En the scribe and his son, wherein he that  
hath skill may look.  
My psalms are laid with the priests. My songs  
do the harpers sing.  
May my heartsongs bring cheer to many, my  
psalms find grace with the King,  
When I have rest after toiling. Yet one deed  
the Lord hath known,  
And two most dear, but in part. This sin of my  
soul will I own  
Ere I rest in the hope of Jacob.



The apple of Sodom I planted.—My third babe  
lay at my side,  
Strong and sturdy and fair, yet little in him was  
my pride.  
I remembered not how I mourned after love in  
the house of my sire.  
My firstborn alone I cherished, till a message  
went forth as fire  
From the Lord. My first born strove in evil rage  
with the Queen,  
Who chastised not his froward angers ; whilst  
Angus I had not seen,  
But left him in Maistiu's sunhouse,\* who ever  
sung by his bed.  
Then went I thither and found my blind sister  
with bended head,  
Threading a sign on the breast of the babe, and  
I asked her thereof,  
For that mark I knew not. She said, "Many  
righteous his sign shall love,  
For deep in the still night watches I heard, as it  
were a voice

\* Grianan. The separate house of a woman of rank.

Of one old, compelling mine heart, which said,  
    ‘Oh virgin, thy choice  
With God is seen of His eyes. He giveth into  
    thy hand  
His token of blessing and sorrow, that thy soul  
    may understand  
In the dark, and believe His glory. Moreover, it  
    shall be set  
As a sign on the child thou lovest. Though his  
    sorrow cometh not yet,  
Nor his blessing till times appointed. Take this  
    in thine hands to hold,  
Setting lips thereon that it bless thee. Let thy  
    fingers veil it with gold,  
For a sign unto nations and times that the Branch  
    shall ever abide,  
Which out of a double thorn is parted on either  
    side,  
As the props of the Vine I planted.’” Then  
    knew I of whom she spake,  
And thought of my firstborn, and chideth sore in  
    my wrath for his sake,  
Then, seizing the four-thorned charm which  
    Maistiu had bound with gold,



I broke from my babe its strings, and deep in my  
garment's fold  
Bore it swift to his brother ; but the lad in an  
evil mood  
Flung it on earth before him, setting his feet on  
the wood,  
Which pierced his heel, and he angered, and set  
his teeth to my wrist,  
For the serpents arose up in him.\* Then lo,  
ere ever I wist  
That any man came, one spake, and said, "Wilt  
thou strive with God ?  
Thou art even a foolish daughter. Thou settest  
thy back to the rod.  
Thou hast robbed one child of his blessing. Thou  
hast brought his fellow a curse.  
Thou knowest the serpents with him. Thou  
makest their venom worse.  
That which thou sparedst to slay, shall sting even  
him and thee  
In that day when he doeth great evil. Then  
truly thy mourning shall be,

\* Aedh is reported to have had three serpents in him, which would have destroyed the kingdom of his mother but for his death.

That long time hast not wept for Zion. Thou  
art proud in thine own estate.

Thine eyes shall be pools of salt, thine affliction  
be very great.

This fourfold thorn shall tear thee. To thy sister  
make plain thy sin.

David shall come not to Zion till pardon by this  
he win,

And he findeth one pure of heart, and perfect  
before the Lord,

And patient beneath these thorns his city is not  
restored."

Now I lay down under his feet, but saw him  
turning to go,

Whether spirit or man I know not, but he bore  
the mark on his brow

Of that sign, and it shone above me as I lay on  
my face and wept

Long time, whilst Aedh had fled. Then back to  
Maistiu I crept

With sorrow bound to my heart, and wept on her  
breast and prayed ;

And at morn I bade that a wall by the door of  
my house be made,

Whereon ye have seen me weep over Zion through  
every fast.

Nigh twenty years have I wept, but my weepings  
are overpast ;

For I go unto Him that made me. Yet, weep  
ye my children still.

Weep not your mother, but weep over Zion by  
my burial hill.

Tea Mur, my wall, ye shall call it ; but David's  
Lord must ye know

If your feet would carry you backwards to con-  
quer his final woe.

I give you words of remembrance, see that the  
same ye bind

On your foreheads to save from idols, and trea-  
sure them in your mind.

"Captivity, Bonds, Destruction." \* Keep these,  
being mindful of me,

And this fair isle shall be safe from every robber  
by sea.

Yet these ye will not remember. I see the ships  
in the bay,

\* These three words seem to have been so often in Tephi's mouth, that later bards call Aedh, Angus and Cermad her sons by them.

When brother slayeth his brother. Again, I behold the day

When the Son of Sorrow brings sorrow. Then cometh the bull to gore.

Then my Rock is set upon him. Behold, I may speak no more.

My secret sin is upon me, yet sought I its burden might be

Lifted away from my son, and the whole be laid upon me.

Ah me, is it three years only? It is longer than all my life

Since Corrgenn came from his hold to bide near us, bringing his wife,

A brother's daughter to Grisbane, and like as the twain were twins.

Then our hearth had little honour, and two were slain in their sins.

An eric was proffered before us, as for the son of a queen,

But Jochad judged that this island were an eric all too mean

For me, and for David's heir, if slain in an idle strife.  
Yet the Lord of David slew him. Let Corrgenn deal with his wife,

And that other corpse alone. Betwixt him and  
the Lord these lay ;  
And my soul bowed down unto Jochad and rose  
not to say him "Nay."  
Therefore Corrgenn bear both unto Ailech, and  
no man went by his side,  
And of shame and his toil he turned his face to  
the wall and died,  
Leaving his lands and people, and the care of  
that place to me,  
So went I forth with my servants Gabhran and  
Imcheal to, see  
The grave, and raised up a tomb as they build in  
the land of the Greek,  
A rounded chamber of stone that climbeth up to  
a peak  
In circles of flags as it narrows, the most fair in  
this land, and alone  
Upon Ailech my sins are heavy, and heaped to a  
pillar of stone.  
There mine eyes were pools of salt, and also  
Jochad and ye  
And the men and babes of my people were one  
in their grief with me.

## CHAPTER XXXI

*A lamentation of Tephi wherein she giveth instruction.*

*To be sung to the harp upon the two thousand four hundred and eighty-fourth day.*

O, MY CHILD, O, Aedh my firstborn, and O, Aedh my  
firstborn child,

That lay small and warm on my heart and looked in  
mine eyes and smiled

As a flame \* thou hast seared my breast, and wert by  
a flame beguiled.

O, fair was my strong son Aedh, and O Aedh, my  
strength, was fair.

The skies were seen in his eyes. The sun was set  
in his hair.

The Mighty hath slain my son. I mourn, yet He  
might not spare.

O, mine eyes are rivers of tears, and O, rivers of tears  
are mine eyes.

I sat in the seat of folly. I walked not amongst the  
wise.

I sowed a seed of destruction. Its fruits are foulness  
and lies

\* Aedh, a flame.

O, let evil be upon Canaan, and O, upon Canaan be  
every ill.

Why hale ye their women hither, that are harlots on  
every hill,

That are brazen in dances to Baal, that are wanton in  
all their will ?

O, hear me, my chosen, my husband, and O, my  
husband, my chosen, hear.

I have erred and have done great evil. My burden  
is heavy to bear.

This mocking was mine not thine. Yet my shame  
hath been thine to share.

O, heed me Angus, my son, and O, Angus, my son,  
take heed.

Thy brother is black in the pit. He stinks as a  
rotten reed.

Thou bearest the Branch of blessing. Thy Stone is  
chosen for seed.

Yet I know thee, O, Angus, my son, and O, Angus,  
my son, I know

Thy pomp and thy pride of heart. Thy flame  
burneth on and fro.

It flasheth fire in the sky. Its light is sunken and low.

I divine thee, O Angus, my son, and, O Angus, my  
son, I divine

Thy spirit unscarred by the thorns. Thou shalt seek  
but the gold of that sign.

Thy heart is not with the High One. With sinners  
thou sittest at wine.

I behold thy grave,\* O, my son, and thy grave, O,  
my son, I behold.

Thy grave-mound is glorious and great. Thou  
graspest there on thy gold,

Yet the heathen shall find thy hoard ere the hill of  
thy height wax old.

O, thy treasure is heaped upon earth, and O, with  
earth is thy treasure-heap.

Thou art e'en as the kings of Egypt. Thou sinkest  
down in thy sleep.

But thieves shall find thee therein, and the snail and  
the slow-worm creep.

Thy toiling is waste, O Angus, and, O Angus, waste  
is thy toil.

\* Cengus, of the Brugh, is now best remembered by this enormous tumulus, which was plundered by the Danes.



Thy masons build thee a mansion. The spoiler  
shall make it a spoil,  
For thy zeal is not unto Zion, nor thine heart  
anointed with oil.

O, may the bright reign come by thee, and O may  
my white king come.  
His sheep he leadeth in spirit. He rebuketh them  
lest they roam.  
He blesseth their lambs in his bosom. They hear  
him at eve and go home.

O, hear ye the promise of Israel, and O, Israel, this  
promise hear.  
Let your watchmen know of the night. Let them  
count when the stars grow clear.  
Let them strongly shout in the gate if a presage of  
dawn appear.

O, rest ye your faith upon David, and O on David  
let fealty rest.  
In righteous judgments he rideth. His wise men  
gaze from the west.  
His house on the hill-tops is holy. His symbols  
shine on his breast.

O, he rides as a king in glory, and O, in glory my  
king doth ride.

The nations are scattered beneath him. In their  
eyries the eagles hide.

As a lion he leaps in his strength. What man shall  
his might abide.

O, springs gush out by the Hill, and O, from the Hill  
there gush forth springs.

O'er the path of his chosen people, the vessels bear  
wealth unto kings.

The ships of the sea pass over. The waters are  
white with their wings.

O, broad is the stream of Jordan, and O, Jordan thy  
streams are broad.

The seas have set thee in might. No steed shall  
swim by thy ford,

Where the House of the High One is builded, the  
Holy House of the Lord.

O, now I depart in peace, and O, peace is my part as  
I go.

I have lived the days of my life. I have joyed and  
wandered in woe.

I am feeble and fain would rest from my travelling  
to and fro.

But, O, that day I am fain to behold, and O, I fain  
would behold that day.

Raise up the stones from my sidhe. Cleanse ye my  
bones from the clay.

Let me see the son of my strength, for my spirit  
shall be his stay.

## CHAPTER XXXII

*Garbh Cliach, the recorder, the son of En, writes of that which  
may not be written save upon the hearts of the men of  
Eriu.*

Now the rest of the acts of Teffia, and how her  
sunhouse was made

At Tailtea, the beams of its rafters with wings  
of bright birds o'erlaid,

And its hurdles snow under summer, so that  
men's eyes were blind

Beholding, and how its porches with plates of  
silver were lined ;

And her purple couches within ; and her crowns  
and bracelets of gold,  
That often she gave to the bards ; and the things  
which her shipmen sold  
In her mart ; and the peace and joy of her land ;  
and her two fair sons,  
Cengus the frank and Cermad ; and the many  
cashels and duns  
She set for defence of the sea-coast ; and the  
mighty forests she cleared ;  
And her wide ensample to all men ; and the  
grace that in her appeared  
Before kings and sages and lowly (for of all men  
her speech was known  
As a dew that falleth from heaven, and holy  
before God's throne,  
Yet was troubled in many sorrows alike of bonds-  
man and free ;)  
And how in Crofinn a house was built that her  
rest might be  
Beside the assemblies of Eriu to soften their  
judgments still,  
And stay their sharpness of strife 'neath the shade  
of the Great Queen's hill ;

And how she had many champions and bards  
and sages and priests ;  
And how men wise in the Lord came from afar  
to her feasts ;  
And how many kings sent greetings ; and how  
she was mourned for and wept  
Through the whole green isle of Eriu, and women  
came where she slept,  
Yea, e'en from the utmost islands to shed on her  
sidhe their tears,  
And planted their flowers about it ;—It needs  
not that aught appears  
In the books of the scribe, for all is written large  
on the heart  
Of Eriu, although she oft told presage her name  
should depart  
From our lips for a season, if these by her psalms  
be not purified ;  
And that if men failed of her trust, her blessing  
should be denied ;  
Yet, know we well that her blessing shall ne'er  
be taken away,  
Nor her face be ever hidden, although it be veiled  
for a day.

So also the Heremon liveth, though under his  
stones he lie  
On the hills \* o'er the lake, his glory and honour  
shall never die  
Of bard and champion and teacher and lifter of  
burdens sore,  
Which against the might of his word the hands  
of his sons restore ;  
Till the Firbolgs toil, as in Egypt our fathers  
were wont to toil,  
On the tombs that they build by Boyne, filling  
their pouches with soil  
To heap on the secret chambers wherein these  
would build their home  
At the last ; and thither surely their bones with  
the curse shall come  
Of our loved one † and not her blessing. Also  
men have much grief  
Against Ethdan grandson of Nuadh, whom the  
unwise chose as their chief  
Of the miledh after Lugaid, for he taxeth the  
land of its yields

\* The Loughcrew Hills.

† Tephi is alluded to merely as "the Beloved" in early documents.

Beyond the strength of the aire, and letteth the  
woods on their fields ;  
And save that Ainge, his wife, is loved of the  
people still,  
As the child of our Ollam Fothla, some surely  
had wrought him ill.  
Though the bards sing many complaints, the  
princes repent no whit,  
Therefore Garbh, the son of En the son of  
Eschmun, hath writ  
These words in this book against them. For our  
evils will never cease,  
Till the word of Tephí prevail, and her last and  
her foremost was "*Peace.*"  
Peace unto God in heaven. Let God shine  
thence upon earth,  
And the Branch shall anoint you with oils of  
blessing and praise and mirth.  
Sith co Nem  
Nen co Doman  
Doman fo Nim  
Nert hi cach.

FINIS.

PRINTED BY  
TURNBULL AND SPEARS,  
EDINBURGH









